

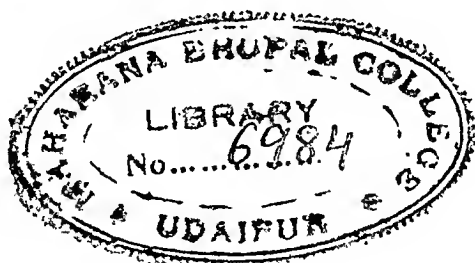
Types of Modern English

(A Text-Book in English Prose for High School
Classes)

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AND

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PREFACE

This book of selections from modern prose is meant for High School students. The following are, in brief, the special features of the book :

All important types of prose have been included, *e.g.*, fairy tales, legends, dialogue, imaginary pieces, the modern short story, descriptive, narrative, rhetorical, scientific, reflective pieces and also passages illustrative of humour, parable and allegory.

A glance at the table of contents will show at once the wide range of subjects and varieties in form covered by these selections.

A good deal of care has been taken with regard to the suitability of the various passages. Only those pieces have been selected which are just suitable for a High School student—pieces which are neither very difficult nor very simple.

Selections have been made only from standard writers, *e.g.*, Swift, Hawthorne, Dickens, Scott, Irving, Addison, Marryat, Kinglake and others.

It has been our endeavour to select only passages of lively interest, passages which will hold the attention of the students to the very end.

We have not included a single passage which may be considered to be dull and forbidding.

A short biographical sketch of the author together with his picture is given at the top of every lesson. This, we hope, will bring the student into a sort of personal contact with the various writers and will stimulate greater interest in them and their works.

We have added a few useful hints for study at the end of every lesson. We do not believe in purely cut-and-dry questions. We have given hints for the appreciation of beautiful phrases and sentences occurring in a particular passage. We have illustrated various shades of meaning of a particular word or phrase. Then there are questions on the use of words and phrases, grammar, subject-matter and composition. Attention of the students has also been drawn to the spelling of important words in every lesson. From the point of view of teaching, we regard this as the most important feature of the book. We hope teachers will find these 'Aids to Study' very useful.

Notes on the various lessons have been appended at the end of the book. We have not given meanings of words and phrases which a student can easily find out from a dictionary. Only difficult words and phrases have been explained, and allusions clearly pointed out. We should like to mention a novel feature in these notes. We have found from our experience as teachers that no amount of verbal explanation can bring home to the student the idea of a technical expression. Every technical expression has, therefore, been illustrated by means of a sketch in these notes. This is a feature which, we hope, will be appreciated both by the teacher and the student.

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SHIV KUMAR LAL SRIVASTAVA

A Classified List of Contents

FAIRY TALES, LEGENDS, ADVENTURES, IMAGINARY PIECES AND THE MODERN SHORT STORY

Lesson	Name of Lesson	Name of Author
I	Adventures as a Guinea Trader	D. Defoe
II	The Story of a Mother	H. C. Andersen
VI	The Miraculous Pitcher	Nathaniel Hawthorne
XIV	Subha ...	Rabindra Nath Tagore

Descriptive

III	The Ride That Failed	Dickens
VII	Cairo to Suez ...	Kinglake Alexander William
X	Rip's Helpless Condi- tion	Washington Irving

Narrative

IV	Columbus at Barcelona	Washington Irving
VIII	Raleigh's First Interview with Queen Elizabeth	Sir Walter Scott
XV	The Life of Buddha ...	Friedrich Max Müller

Humour

Lesson	Name of Lesson	Name of Author
IX	Sir Roger de Coverly at the Assizes	Joseph Addison

Parable and Allegory

V	A Lesson on Faith ...	Mrs. Gatty
XI	Story of The Camel- Driver	Frederick Marryat

Dialogue

XIII	Midshipman Easy and The First Lieutenant	Frederick Marryat
------	---	-------------------

Scientific

XVI	The Tortoise ...	Charles Darwin
-----	------------------	----------------

Reflective and Didactic

XII	On Riches ...	Lord Avebury
-----	---------------	--------------

Rhetorical

XVII	Tribute to His Majesty King Edward The Seventh	The Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour
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CONTENTS

	PAGE
1. Adventures as a Guinea Trader—by <i>D. Defoe</i>	1
2. The Story of a Mother—by <i>H. C. Andersen</i> ...	18
3. The Ride That Failed—by <i>Charles Dickens</i>	30
4. Columbus at Barcelona—by <i>Washington Irving</i>	42
5. A Lesson of Faith—by <i>Mrs. Gatty</i> ..	51
6. The Miraculous Pitcher—by <i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i>	63
7. Cairo to Suez—by <i>Kinglake Alexander William</i>	98
8. Raleigh's First Interview with Queen Elizabeth—by <i>Sir Walter Scott</i> ..	112
9. Sir Roger de Coverly at the Assizes—by <i>Joseph Addison</i>	122
10. Rip's Helpless Condition—by <i>Washington Irving</i>	131
11. Story of the Camel-Driver—by <i>Frederick Marryat</i>	142
12. On Riches—by <i>Lord Avebury</i> ...	159
13. Midshipman Easy and the First Lieutenant—by <i>Frederick Marryat</i>	169
14. Subha—by <i>Rabindranath Tagore</i> ...	177

	* PAGE
15. The Life of Buddha—by <i>Friedrich Max Müller</i>	189
16. The Tortoise—by <i>Charles Darwin</i> ...	202
17. Tribute to His Majesty King Edward the Seventh—by the <i>Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour</i>	207
18. Notes 	217

1. ADVENTURES AS A GUINEA TRADER

From "ROBINSON CRUSOE" BY D. DEFOE



[Defoe (*Dēfō*), Daniel (1659–1731) was born in London, where his father, James Foe, carried on the trade of a butcher. In 1685, he joined the insurrection of the Duke of Monmouth, and had the good fortune to escape; after which, having made several unsuccessful attempts at business, he at last turned his attention to literature. He is one of the greatest English writers, a brilliant journalist, an incomparable realist in fiction, the master of a simple but subtle and artistic style. As a zealous Whig and Dissenter he was frequently in trouble. He was imprisoned for publishing *The Shortest Way With the Dissenters*. He was a fearless advocate of the government of the country in the interest of the common people. He wrote several books, the most important of all being, *The Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, which was founded on the adventures of Alexander Selkirk. It at once leaped into popularity.]

It was my lot first of all to fall into pretty good company in London. I first became acquainted with the master of a ship who had been on the coast of Guinea, and who, having had very good success there, had resolved to go again ;

and who, taking a fancy to my conversation, and hearing me say I had a mind to see the world, told me if I would go the voyage with him I should be at no expense; I should be his messmate and his companion; and if I could carry anything with me, I should have all the advantage of it that trade would admit, and perhaps I might meet with some encouragement.

I embraced the offer, and I went the voyage with him.

This was the only voyage which, I may say, was successful in all my adventures, and this I owe to the integrity and honesty of my friend the captain; under whom also I got a competent knowledge of the mathematics and the rules of navigation, learned how to keep an account of the ship's course, take an observation, and, in short, to understand some things that were needful to be understood by a sailor. For, as he took delight in teaching me, I took delight in learning; and, in a word, this voyage made me both a sailor and a merchant; for I brought home five pounds nine ounces of gold dust for my adventure, which yielded me in London on my return almost £300.

I now set up for a Guinea trader; and my friend, to my great misfortune, dying soon after his arrival, I resolved to go the same voyage

again, and I embarked in the same vessel with one who was his mate in the former voyage, and had now got the command of the ship. This was the unhappiest voyage that ever man made ; while our ship was making her course towards the Canary Islands, or rather between those islands and the African shore, we were surprised in the grey of the morning by a Turkish rover of Sallee, who gave chase to us with all the sail she could make. We crowded also as much canvas as our yards would spread, or our masts carry ; but about three in the afternoon he came up with us, and after a stubborn resistance we were obliged to yield, and all were carried prisoners into Sallee, a port belonging to the Moors.

The usage I had there was not so dreadful as at first I apprehended, nor was I carried up the country to the emperor's court, as the rest of our men were, but was kept by the captain of the rover as his own prize, and made his slave, as I was young and nimble, and fit for his business.

Here I meditated nothing but escape, and what method I might take to effect it, but found no way that had the least probability of success in it.

After about two years an odd circumstance presented itself, which put the old thought of making some attempt for my liberty again into

my head. My master used constantly, once or twice a week and sometimes oftener, if the weather was fair, to take the ship's pinnace, and go out into the road a-fishing; and as he always took me and a young Maresco with him to row the boat, we made him very merry, and I proved very dexterous in catching fish; insomuch, that sometimes he would send me with a Moor, one of his kinsmen, and the youth the Maresco, as they called him, to catch a dish of fish for him.

It happened one time that a fog rose so thick, that though we were not half a league from the shore we lost sight of it; and rowing we knew not whither or which way, we laboured all day, and all the next night, and when the morning came we found we had pulled off to sea instead of pulling in for the shore; and that we were at least two leagues from the shore. However, we got well in again, though with a great deal of labour, and some danger, for the wind began to blow pretty fresh in the morning; but particularly we were all very hungry.

But our master, warned by this disaster, resolved to take more care of himself for the future; and having the long-boat of our English ship which he had taken, he resolved he would not go a-fishing any more without a compass and some provision.

We frequently went out with this boat a-fishing, and as I was most dexterous in catching fish for him, he never went without me. It happened that he had appointed to go out in this boat either for pleasure or for fish, with two or three Moors of some distinction in that place, for whom he had sent on board the boat overnight a larger store of provisions than ordinary.

I got all things ready as he had directed, and waited the next morning with the boat, washed clean, and everything to accommodate his guests; when by and by my master came on board alone, and told me his guests had put off going, and ordered me with the man and boy, as usual, to go out with the boat and catch them some fish, for his friends were to sup at his house; and commanded that as soon as I had got some fish I should bring it home to his house.

This moment my former notions of deliverance darted into my thoughts, for now I found I was likely to have a little ship at my command.

After we had fished some time and caught nothing, for, when I had fish on my hook I would not pull them up that he might not see them, I said to the Moor, "This will not do; our master will not be thus served; we must stand farther off." He, thinking no harm, agreed, and being

in the head of the boat set the sails; and as I had the helm I ran the boat out nearly a league farther, and then brought her to as if I would fish. Then giving the boy the helm, I stepped forward to where the Moor was, and making as if I stooped for something behind him, I took him by surprise, and tossed him clear overboard into the sea. He rose immediately, for he swam like a cork, and called to me, begged to be taken in, told me he would go all the world over with me. He swam so strong after the boat that he would have reached me very quickly, there being but little wind; upon which I stepped into the cabin, and fetching one of the fowling-pieces, I presented it at him, and told him I had done him no hurt, and if he would be quiet I would do him none. "But," said I, "you swim well enough to reach the shore, and the sea is calm; make the best of your way to shore, and I will do you no harm; but if you come near the boat I'll shoot you through the head, for I am resolved to have my liberty." So he turned himself about, and swam for the shore, and I have no doubt that he reached it with ease, for he was an excellent swimmer.

When he was gone I turned to the boy, whom they called Xury, and said to him, "Xury, if you will be faithful to me I'll make you a great man;

but if you will not, I must throw you into the sea too." The boy smiled in my face, and spoke so innocently, that I could not mistrust him, and swore to be faithful to me, and go all over the world with me.

While I was in view of the Moor that was swimming, I stood out directly to sea with the boat; but as soon as it grew dusk in the evening, I changed my course, and steered directly south and by east, bending my course a little towards the east, that I might keep in with the shore; and having a fair, fresh gale of wind, and a smooth, quiet sea, I made such progress that I believe by the next day at three o'clock in the afternoon, when I first made the land, I could not be less than 150 miles south of Sallee; quite beyond the Emperor of Morocco's dominions, or indeed of any other king thereabouts, for we saw no people.

Yet such was the fright I had taken at the Moors, that I would not stop, or go on shore, or come to an anchor, till I had sailed in that manner five days; and then the wind shifting to the southward, I concluded also that if any of our vessels were in chase of me, they also would now give over. So I ventured to make for the coast, and came to an anchor in the mouth of a little river, I knew not what, or where; neither what latitude.

what country, what nations, or what river. I neither saw, nor desired to see, any people; the principal thing I wanted was fresh water. We came into this creek in the evening, resolving to swim on shore as soon as it was dark, and discover the country; but as soon as it was quite dark, we heard such dreadful noises of the barking, roaring, and howling of wild creatures, of we knew not what kinds, that the poor boy was ready to die with fear, and begged of me not to go on shore till day. This convinced me that there was no going on shore for us in the night upon that coast; and how to venture on shore in the day was a question.

However, we were obliged to go on shore somewhere or other for water, for we had not a pint left in the boat; when or where to get to it, was the point. Xury said if I would let him go on shore with one of the jars, he would find if there was any water and bring some to me. "We will both go," said I, "and if the wild men come, we will kill them, they shall eat neither of us." So we hauled in the boat as near the shore as we thought was proper, and so waded on shore, carrying nothing but our arms and two jars for water.

I did not care to go out of sight of the boat, fearing the coming of canoes with savages down the

river; but the boy seeing a low place about a mile up the country rambled to it and by and by I saw him come running towards me. I thought he was pursued by some savage, or frightened by some wild beast, and I ran forward to help him; but when I came nearer to him, I saw something hanging over his shoulders, which was a creature that he had shot, like a hare, but different in colour, and with longer legs. However, we were very glad of it, and it was very good meat; but the great joy was that poor Xury came to tell me he had found good water.

After this we held on to the southward continually for ten or twelve days, living very sparingly on our provisions, which began to diminish very much, and going no oftener into the shore than we were obliged to for fresh water. My design was to make the River Gambia or Senegal—that is to say, anywhere about the Cape de Verde—where I was in hopes to meet with some European ship; and if I did not, I knew not what course I had to take, but to seek out for the islands, or perish there among the negroes. I knew that all the ships from Europe, which sailed either to the coast of Guinea or to Brazil, or to the East Indies, made this cape, or those islands; and in a word, I put the whole of my fortune upon this single

point, either that I must meet with some ship, or must perish.

When I had pursued this resolution about ten days longer, as I have said, I began to see that the land was inhabited; and in two or three places, as we sailed by, we saw people stand upon the shore to look at us: we could also perceive they were quite black, and stark naked. I kept at a distance, but talked with them by signs as well as I could, and particularly made signs for something to eat; they beckoned to me to stop my boat, and that they would fetch me some meat. Upon this I lowered the top of my sail and lay by, and two of them ran up into the country, and in less than half an hour came back, and brought with them two pieces of dried flesh and some corn, but how to come at it was our next dispute, for I was not inclined to venture on shore to them, and they were as much afraid of us; but they took a safe way for us all, for they brought it to the shore and laid it down, and went and stood a great way off till we fetched it on board, and then came close to us again.

I was now furnished with roots and corn, such as it was, and water; and leaving my friendly negroes I sailed forward for about eleven days more, without offering to go near the shore, till

I saw the land run out a great length into the sea, at about the distance of four or five leagues before me; and the sea being very calm, I kept a large offing, to make this point. At length, doubling the point, at about two leagues from the land, I saw plainly land on the other side, to seaward; then I concluded that this was the Cape de Verde, and those the islands, called from thence Cape de Verde Islands. However, they were at a great distance, and I could not well tell what I had best do.

In this dilemma, as I was very pensive I stepped into the cabin, and sat down, Xury having the helm; when suddenly the boy cried out, "Master, master, a ship with a sail!" and the foolish boy was frightened out of his wits, thinking it must needs be some of his master's ships sent to pursue us, when I knew we were far enough out of their reach. I jumped out of the cabin, and immediately saw, not only the ship, but what she was, *viz.*, that it was a Portuguese ship and, as I thought, was bound to the coast of Guinea for negroes. But when I observed the course she steered, I was soon convinced they were bound some other way, and did not design to come any nearer to shore; upon which I stretched out to sea, as much as I could, resolving to speak with them, if possible.

With all the sail I could make, I found I should not be able to come in their way, but that they would be gone by before I could make any signal to them; but after I had begun to despair, they, it seems, saw me by the help of their glasses, and supposed that it was some European boat, which must belong to some ship that was lost; so they shortened sail to let me come up. I was encouraged by this; and as I had my master's ensign on board, I waved it to them as a signal of distress, and fired a gun, both of which they saw; for they told me they saw the smoke, though they did not hear the gun. Upon these signals they kindly brought to, and lay by for me; and in about three hours' time I came up with them.

They asked me what I was, in Portuguese, and in Spanish, and in French, but I understood none of them; but at last a Scotch sailor, who was on board, called to me and I answered him and told him I was an Englishman and had made my escape out of slavery from the Moors, at Sallee. Then they bade me come on board, and very kindly took me in and all my goods.

It was an inexpressible joy to me that I was thus delivered, as I esteemed it from such a miserable, and almost hopeless, condition as I was in; and I immediately offered all I had to the captain

of the ship, as a return for my deliverance. But he generously told me he would take nothing from me, but that all I had should be delivered safe to me when I came to the Brazils. "For," said he, "I have saved your life on no other terms than I would be glad to be saved myself, and it may, one time or other, be my lot to be taken up in the same condition. Besides, when I carry you to the Brazils, so far from your own country, if I should take from you what you have, you will be starved there, and then I only take away that life I have given. No, no, Seignior Inglese," says he, "Mr. Englishman, I will carry you thither in charity, and those things will help you to buy your subsistence there, and your passage home again."

He was not more charitable in his proposal than he was just in the performance to a tittle; for he ordered the seamen that none should touch anything I had. Then he took everything into his own possession, and gave me back an exact inventory of them, that I might have them, even so much as my three earthen jars.

As to my boat, it was a very good one, and that he saw, and told me he would buy it of me for the ship's use, and asked me what I would take for it? I told him he had been so generous.

to me in everything, that I could not put any price on the boat, but left it entirely to him : upon which he told me he would give me a note of his hand to pay me eighty pieces of eight for it at Brazil, and when it came there, if any one offered to give more, he would make it up.

We had a very good voyage to the Brazils, and arrived in All Saints' Bay, in about twenty-two days after.

The generous treatment of the captain I can never remember enough. He would take nothing of me for my passage, and caused everything I had in the ship to be punctually delivered me ; and what I was willing to sell he bought.

Before I had been long here, I was recommended to the house of a good honest man like himself, who had a plantation and a sugar-house. I lived with him some time, and acquainted myself by that means with the manner of planting and making sugar ; and seeing how well the planters lived, and how they grew rich suddenly, I resolved, if I could get leave to settle there, I would turn planter among them. To this purpose, I purchased as much land as my money would buy, and formed a plan for my plantation and settlement.

Aids to Study

Study of Words and Phrases

1. (a) *Resolve* (v) [*Re.* again—*solv*-o, *solut*-um (to loosen); solve, dis-solve, ab-solve, re-solute; solu-ble, re-solut-ion (n).]

(b) *Progress* $\frac{n}{v}$ [*Pro.* before—*grass*-us (to step). (v) re-
gress, trans-gress, e-gress, in-gress, pro-gress-ive (a); cf. pro-
gress-ion (n), re-gress-ion (n).]

2. (a) Mark the use of the word "Set" in the following sentences:

He has a nice *set* of chairs. (n. collection)

The *set* of his mind is towards political reform. (n. tendency)

They *made a dead set* at the mover. (n. attacked)

Ramesh has met with a *set-back* in his business. (n. rever-al)

He delivered a *set* speech. (a. arranged beforehand)

Set the clock. (v. regulate)

Kamla *set at nought* the authority of his master. (v. dis-
regarded) The ship *set sail* at night. (v. commenced the
voyage) It is no use going out when rain has *set in*. (v. com-
menced) He *set off (out)* for Bombay last evening. (v. started)

My brother has *set up* as a lawyer in this town. (v.
established)

Shahjahan's throne was *set with* diamond. (v. studded)

(b) Illustrate the use of the following words in different contexts in sentences of your own:—

Lot; embrace; fall (upon, to, out, in with, through, flat, to the ground, on one's sword, short of); carry (over, out, through, weight, all before oneself, conviction, the day); yield; passage; embark; make (out, up, for, good, room, head or tail of, light of); give (up, way, out, oneself airs); come (about, down upon, to blows, to light, with flying colours, home to); effect; odd; accommodate; put (off, on, out, up with); deliver; keep (the ball rolling, up appearances); venture; lay by; bound.

(c) Frame sentences to distinguish between :—

Expense, expanse; owe, woe, woo; effect, affect; pinnace, penance.

(d) Use the following expressions in sentences of your own :—

take a fancy to; give a good account of one-self; jot or tittle; make the best of something.

3. (a) "*He swam like a cork.*" Here a simile has been used. "*Cork*" is a light thing, which keeps on floating on water without any trouble. The man also swam with ease like it.

(b) Note also the beauty in the use of the italicized expressions in the following sentences :—

We were surprised in the grey of the morning I ran the boat out nearly a league farther. The foolish boy was frightened out of his wits.

Subject-matter and Composition

4. (a) Explain the following :—

(i) "I first became acquainted meet with some encouragement."

(ii) "This was the unhappiest voyage belonging to the Moors."

(iii) "For" said he, "I your passage home again."

(b) Suppose you were Xury, narrate the adventures you met with.

(c) Describe the feelings of the following persons :—

(i) Xury.

(ii) The onlookers witnessing Robinson's boat from their shore.

(iii) The Captain of the Portuguese ship.

(d) Estimate the character of Robinson from the above adventures.

(e) Write an interesting imaginary adventure of your own.

Grammar

5. (a) Give (i) Nouns from: deliver, conclude, oblige, perceive, incline, suppose, pursue.
 (ii) Adjectives from: disaster, conclude, desire.
 (iii) Verbs from: compass, distinction.
- (b) Illustrate the use of 'besides' as preposition and adverb.
- (c) Parse the words printed below in italics:—
 I learned *how to keep* an account of the ship's course.
 Here I meditated nothing but *escape*. It must *needs* be some of his master's ships.
- (d) Analyse the following sentences:—
 (i) "I first became acquainted some encouragement."
 (ii) "This was the only voyage . . . by a sailor."
- (e) Imagine yourself to be Robinson and put the speech of the Captain of the Portuguese ship in your own words.

Spelling

6. Note carefully the spelling of the following words:—
 acquaint, restraint, complaint; expense, expanse; quite, quiet; haul, hall; owe, woe, woo; principal, principle; former, farmer; effect, affect; pinnance, penance; row, roe; believe, relieve (in similar words *l* is generally followed by *ie*); deceive, conceive, receive, perceive (in similar words *e* is generally followed by *ei*); waded, wedded; sight, cite, site; perish, parish; flesh, flash; meet, meat; piece, peace; root, route; esteem, steam; shore, soar, sore; beckoned, reckoned.

2. THE STORY OF A MOTHER

From "THE FAIRY TALES" OF H. C. ANDERSEN

[*Hans Christian Andersen* (1805—1875) was born of a poor cobbler in the ancient city of Odense, in Denmark. As a boy, his education was very irregular. His parents were not strict about it. He was very sensitive and imaginative from his very infancy. His mind was like a wonderland thronged with fairy folk. He had a gift of telling fairy tales



His ambition was to be a great dramatist or novelist or poet. Although he attained some success in these arts, still he is known as the greatest of all the writers of fairy tales.]

A mother sat by her little child ; she was very sad, for she feared it would die. It was quite pale, and its little eyes were closed, and sometimes it drew a heavy deep breath, almost like a sigh ; and then the mother gazed more sadly than ever on the poor little creature. Some one knocked at the door, and a poor old man walked in. He was wrapped in something that looked like a great horse-cloth ; and he required it truly to keep him warm, for it was cold winter ; the country everywhere lay covered with snow and ice, and the

wind blew so sharply that it cut one's face. The little child had dozed off to sleep for a moment, and the mother, seeing that the old man shivered with the cold, rose and placed a small mug of beer on the stove to warm for him. The old man sat and rocked the cradle; and the mother seated herself on a chair near him, and looked at her sick child who still breathed heavily, and took hold of its little hand.

"You think I shall keep him, do you not?" she said. "Our all-merciful God will surely not take him away from me."

The old man, who was indeed Death himself, nodded his head in a peculiar manner, which might have signified either Yes, or No; and the mother cast down her eyes, while the tears rolled down her cheeks. Then her head became heavy, for she had not closed her eyes for three days and nights, and she slept, but only for a moment. Shivering with cold, she started up and looked round the room. The old man was gone, and her child—it was gone too!—the old man had taken it with him. In the corner of the room the old clock began to strike; "whirr" went the chains, the heavy weight sank to the ground, and the clock stopped; and the poor mother rushed out of the house calling for her child. Out in the snow sat

a woman in long black garments, and she said to the mother, "Death has been with you in your room. I saw him hastening away with your little child; he strides faster than the wind, and never brings back what he has taken away."

"Only tell me which way he has gone," said the mother; "tell me the way, I will find him."

"I know the way," said the woman in the black garments; "but before I tell you, you must sing to me all the songs that you have sung to your child; I love these songs, I have heard them before. I am Night, and I saw your tears flow as you sang."

"I will sing them all to you," said the mother; "but do not detain me now. I must overtake him, and find my child."

But Night sat silent. Then the mother wept and sang, and wrung her hands. And there were many songs, and yet even more tears; till at length Night said, "Go to the right, into the dark forest of fir-trees; for I saw Death take that road with your little child."

Within the wood the mother came to cross-roads, and she knew not which to take. Just by stood a thorn-bush; it had neither leaf nor flower, for it was the cold winter time, and icicles hung

on the branches. "Have you not seen Death go by, with my little child?" she asked.

"Yes," replied the thorn-bush; "but I will not tell you which way he has taken until you have warmed me in your bosom. I am freezing to death here, and turning to ice."

Then she pressed the bramble to her bosom quite close, so that it might be thawed, and the thorns pierced her flesh, and great drops of blood flowed; but the bramble shot forth fresh green leaves, and they became flowers on the cold winter's night, so warm is the heart of a sorrowing mother. Then the bramble-bush told her the path she must take. She came at length to a great lake, on which there was neither ship nor boat to be seen. The lake was not frozen sufficiently for her to pass over on the ice, nor was it open enough for her to wade through; and yet she must cross it, if she wished to find her child. Then she laid herself down to drink up the water of the lake, which was of course impossible for any human being to do; but the bereaved mother thought that perhaps a miracle might take place to help her. "You will never succeed in this," said the lake; "let us make an agreement together, which will be better. I love to collect pearls, and your eyes are the purest I have ever seen. If you will weep

those eyes away in tears into my waters, then I will take you to the large hothouse where Death dwells and rears flowers and trees, every one of which is a human life."

"Oh, what would I not give to reach my child!" said the weeping mother; and as she still continued to weep, her eyes fell into the depths of the lake, and became two costly pearls.

Then the lake lifted her up, and wafted her as if she were on a swing across to the opposite shore, where stood a wonderful building many miles in length. No one could tell whether it was a mountain covered with forests and full of caves, or whether it had been built. But the poor mother could not see, for she had wept out her eyes into the lake. "Where shall I find Death, who went away with my little child?" she asked.

"He has not arrived here yet," said an old grey-haired woman, who was walking about, and watering Death's hothouse. "How have you found your way here? and who helped you?"

"God has helped me," she replied. "He is merciful; will you not be merciful too? Where shall I find my little child?"

"I do not know the child," said the old woman; "and you are blind. Many flowers and

trees have faded to-night, and Death will soon come to transplant them. You know already that every human being has a life-tree or a life-flower, just as may be ordained for him. They look like other plants; but they have hearts that beat. Children's hearts also beat; from that you may perhaps be able to recognise your child. But what will you give me, if I tell you what more you will have to do?"

"I have nothing to give," said the afflicted mother; "but I would go to the ends of the earth for you."

"I can give you nothing to do for me there," said the old woman; "but you can give me your long black hair. You know yourself that it is beautiful, and it pleases me. You can take my white hair in exchange, which will be something in return."

"Do you ask nothing more than that?" said she. "I will give it you with pleasure."

And she gave up her beautiful hair, and received in return the white locks of the old woman. Then they went into Death's vast hothouse, where flowers and trees grew together in wonderful profusion. Blooming hyacinths, under glass bells, and peonies, like strong trees. There grew water-plants, some quite fresh, others looking

sickly, which had water-snakes twining round them, and black crabs clinging to their stems. There stood noble palm-trees, oaks, and plantains, and beneath them bloomed thyme and parsley. Each tree and flower had a name ; each represented a human life, and belonged to men still living, some in China, others in Greenland, and in all parts of the world. Some large trees had been planted in little pots, so that they were cramped for room, and seemed about to burst the pot in pieces ; while many weak little flowers were growing in rich soil, with moss all around them, carefully tended and cared for. The sorrowing mother bent over the little plants, and heard the human heart beating in each, and recognised the beatings of her child's heart among millions of others.

“ That is it,” she cried, stretching out her hand towards a little crocus-flower which hung down its sickly head.

“ Do not touch the flower,” exclaimed the old woman ; “ but place yourself here ; and when Death comes—I expect him every minute—do not let him pull up that plant, but threaten him that if he does you will sever the other flowers in the same manner. This will make him afraid ; for he must account to God for each of them. None can be uprooted, unless he receives permission to do so.”

There rushed through the hothouse a chill of icy coldness, and the blind mother felt that Death had arrived.

"How did you find your way hither?" asked he; "how could you come here faster than I have?"

"I am a mother," she answered.

And Death stretched out his hand towards the delicate little flower; but she held her hands tightly round it, and held it fast at the same time, with the most anxious care, lest she should touch one of the leaves. Then Death breathed upon her hands, and she felt his breath colder than the icy wind, and her hands sank down powerless.

"You cannot prevail against me," said Death.

"But a God of mercy can," said she.

"I only do His will," replied Death. "I am His gardener. I take all His flowers and trees, and transplant them into the gardens of Paradise in an unknown land. How they flourish there, and what that garden resembles, I may not tell you."

"Give me back my child," said the mother, weeping and imploring; and she seized two beautiful flowers in her hands, and cried to Death, "I will tear up all your flowers, for I am in despair."

"Do not touch them," said Death. "You say you are unhappy; and would you make another mother as unhappy as yourself?"

"Another mother!" cried the poor woman, setting the flowers free from her hands.

"There are your eyes," said Death. "I fished them up out of the lake for you. They were shining brightly; but I knew not they were yours. Take them back—they are clearer now than before—and then look into the deep well which is close by here. I will tell you the names of the two flowers which you wished to pull up; and you will see the whole future of the human beings they represent, and what you were about to frustrate and destroy."

Then she looked into the well; and it was a glorious sight to behold how one of them became a blessing to the world, and how much happiness and joy it spread around. But she saw that the life of the other was full of care and poverty, misery and woe.

"Both are the will of God," said Death.

"Which is the unhappy flower, and which is the blessed one?" she asked.

"That I may not tell you," said Death; "but thus far you may learn, that one of the two flowers represents your own child. It was the fate of your child that you saw,—the future of your own child."

Then the mother screamed aloud with terror, "Which of them belongs to my child? Tell me that. Deliver the unhappy child. Release it from so much misery. Rather take it away. Take it to the kingdom of God. Forget my tears and my entreaties; forget all that I have said or done."

"I do not understand you," said Death. "Will you have your child back? or shall I carry him away to a place that you do not know?"

Then the mother wrung her hands, fell on her knees, and prayed to God, "Grant not my prayers, when they are contrary to Thy will, which at all times must be the best. Oh, hear them not"; and her head sank on her bosom.

Then Death carried away her child to the unknown land.

Aids to Study

Study of Words and Phrases

1. Impossible (a) [*Im.* not--*Poss*-um (to be able): Possible, poss-ibility; im-poss-ibility (n).]
 Recognize (v) [*Re.* *Cognosc*-o (to examine): Cognis-ant; cogni-tion; re-cogni-tion (n).]
 Resemble (v) [*Re.* *Smil*-is (like): Simil-ar, as-similate, simul-ate; re-sembl-ance (n).]

2. (a) Mark the use of the word "breath" in the following sentences:—

The world knows you too well, do not *waste your breath* in praising yourself. (n. talk uselessly.)

If you complain, you will fare worse; therefore *keep your breath to cool your porridge*. (n. abstain from talk.)

Regular prayer to me is the very *breath of my nostrils*. (n. a necessity.)

He praised and condemned me in *the same breath*. (n. at the same time.)

He has run so hard that he is *out of breath*. (n. not able to breathe quickly.)

Take breath for you seem to be tired of praising yourself. (n. to take rest.)

He is talking *below his breath*. (n. in whisper.)

Ramprasad *breathed his last* yesterday. (v. died.)

The rural scenes *breathe simplicity*. (v. exhibit.)

The new Headmaster has *breathed fresh life* into the institution. (v. introduced fresh vigour.)

(b) Illustrate the use of the following words in different contexts in sentences of your own:—

pale; mug; rock; hold; rear; look; minute; flourish; look (n. and v. followed by, for, up to, through or into, over, down upon, sharp); call (n. and v. followed by, for, on, at, up, in question, a spade a spade); bring (round, forth, up, home to, to light, to bay).

(c) Frame sentences to distinguish between:—

gaze, gauge, gauze; doze, dose, doge.

(d) Use the following expressions in sentences of your own:—

cut throat; cut coat according to cloth; cut purse; cut a tooth; cut him dead; cut short; short cut.

3. Note the beauty in the use of the italicized expression:—

If you *will weep those eyes away in tears* into my waters, then I will take you there.

Subject-Matter and Composition

4. (a) What did the woman mean by saying (i) "I am a mother"; and (ii) "Another mother."

(b) Explain the following:—

(i) "Then she pressed of a sorrowing mother."

(ii) "Then the mother wrung her hands . . on her bosom."

(c) What difficulties had the poor mother to surmount to get back her dear child?

(d) "Mother is the greatest blessing in the world."—Comment upon the statement.

(e) Write any story, you know, illustrating the sacrifice and love of a mother.

Grammar

5. (a) Give: (i) Adjectives from: moment, miracle,

(ii) Nouns from: peculiar, signify, detain, afflict, destroy.

(iii) verb from: blood.

(b) Use "through" as an adverb and a preposition.

(c) Parse the words printed below in italics:—

They are clearer now than *before*. *Only* tell me which *way* he has gone.

(d) Change the narration of "Then the mother wrung on her bosom."

Spelling

6. Note carefully the spelling of the following words:—

gaze, gauge, gauze; dose, does, doge, doze; knock, mock; wrapped; blew, blue; cost, cast, caste; weight, wait; detain; retain, restrain, etc. (in similar words, *t* is generally followed by *ai*); wrung, rung; sufficient, omniscient, deficient, etc. (in similar words, *e* is generally followed by *ient*); hair, hare, heir, air; profusion, confusion, collusion, allusion, (in similar words, *s* is generally followed by *ion*); piece, peace; seize, siege, cease.

3. THE RIDE THAT FAILED

From "THE PICKWICK PAPERS" BY CHARLES DICKENS

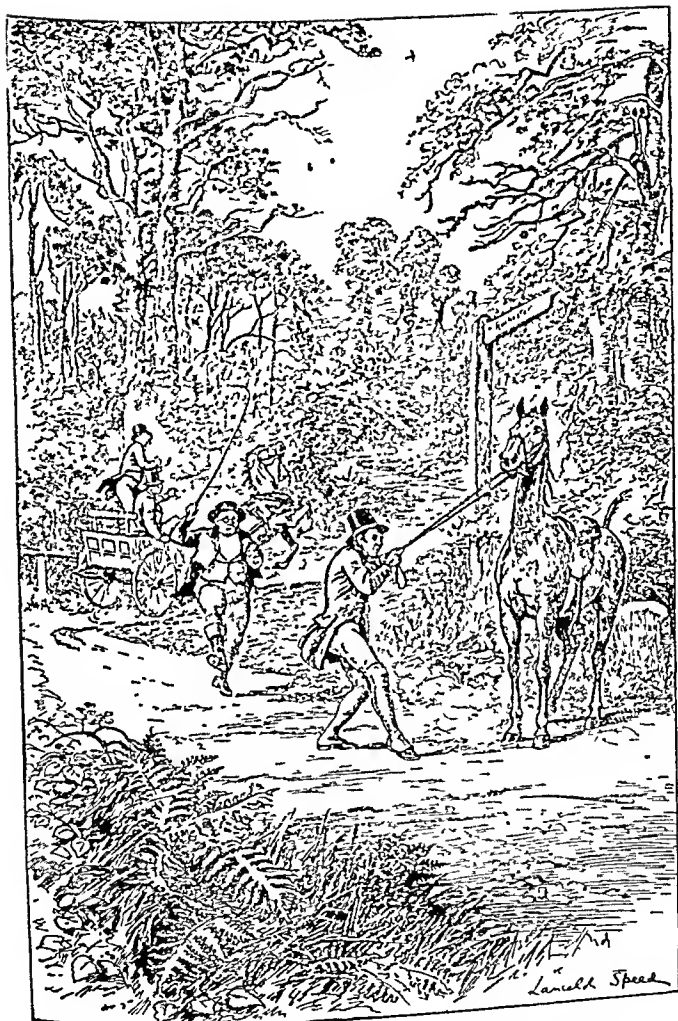
[*Charles Dickens* (1812—1870), one of the most original



and amusing English novelists, was born at Portsea. He received only a scanty education. He took great delight in his early boyhood in the reading of little library stories. For weeks he would imagine himself to be the hero of some of these romances. Being unable to dis-

charge his debt, his father was imprisoned. Poor Charles had to do the dirty work of label-pasting to earn his living. He then picked some education, and at fourteen he entered a solicitor's office. He then learnt shorthand and spent much of his time at the British Museum, thus making up for the shortcomings in his education. While he was a reporter, he began to write books. Some of his well-known works are *Pickwick Papers* and *David Copperfield*. He was a keen observer of men. His 'creative power was immense, and his great humour is admitted by all.' He has been rightly placed amongst the great artists, and he remains one of the 'best-loved storytellers.']

Mr. Pickwick found that his three companions had risen, and were waiting his arrival to



Mr Winkle's Horse—*The Ride That Failed*, Page 30

commence breakfast, which was ready laid in tempting display. They sat down to the meal ; and broiled ham, eggs, tea, coffee, and sundries, began to disappear with a rapidity which at once bore testimony to the excellence of the fare and the appetites of its consumers.

“ Now, about Manor Farm,” said Mr. Pickwick, “ How shall we go ? ”

“ We had better consult the waiter, perhaps,” said Mr. Tupman, and the waiter was summoned accordingly.

“ Dingley Dell, gentlemen—fifteen miles, gentleman—cross road—post-chaise, sir ? ”

“ Post-chaise won’t hold more than two,” said Mr. Pickwick.

“ True, sir—beg your pardon, sir. Very nice four-wheeled chaise, sir—seat for two behind—one in front for the gentleman that drives—oh ! beg your pardon, sir—that’ll only hold three.”

“ What’s to be done ? ” said Mr. Snodgrass.

“ Perhaps one of the gentlemen would like to ride, sir ? ” suggested the waiter, looking towards Mr. Winkle ; “ very good saddle horses, sir—any of Mr. Wardle’s men coming to Rochester bring ’em back, sir.”

“ The very thing,” said Mr. Pickwick. “ Winkle, will you go on horseback ? ”

Mr. Winkle did entertain considerable misgivings in the very lowest recesses of his own heart, relative to his equestrian skill ; but, as he would not have them even suspected on any account, he at once replied with great hardihood, "Certainly. I should enjoy it, of all things."

Mr. Winkle had rushed upon his fate. "Let them be at the door by eleven," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Very well, sir," replied the waiter.

The waiter retired ; the breakfast concluded ; and the travellers ascended to their respective bedrooms, to prepare a change of clothing, to take with them on their approaching expedition.

Mr. Pickwick had made his preliminary arrangements, and was looking over the coffee-room blinds, at the passengers in the street, when the waiter entered and announced that the chaise was ready—an announcement which the vehicle itself confirmed, by forthwith appearing before the coffee-room blinds aforesaid.

It was a curious little green box on four wheels, with a low place like a wine-bin for two behind, and an elevated perch for one in front, drawn by an immense brown horse, displaying great symmetry of bone. An ostler stood near, holding by the bridle another immense horse—

apparently a near relative of the animal in the chaise—ready saddled for Mr. Winkle.

“Bless my soul!” said Mr. Pickwick, as they stood upon the pavement while the coats were being put in. “Bless my soul! who’s to drive? I never thought of that.”

“Oh! you, of course,” said Mr. Tupman.

“Of course,” said Mr. Snodgrass.

“I!” exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

“Not the slightest fear, sir,” interposed the ostler.

“Warrant him quiet, sir; a hinfant in arms might drive him.

“He don’t shy, does he?” inquired Mr. Pickwick.

“Shy, sir?—He wouldn’t shy if he was to meet a vagginload of monkeys with their tails burnt off.”

The last recommendation was indisputable. Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass got into the bin; Mr. Pickwick ascended to his perch, and deposited his feet on a floor-clothed shelf, erected beneath it for that purpose.

“Now, Shiny Villiam,” said the ostler to the deputy-ostler, “give the gen’lm’n the ribbins.” “Shiny Villiam”—so-called, probably, from his sleek hair and oily countenance—placed the reins

in Mr. Pickwick's left hand : and the upper ostler thrust a whip into his right.

"Wo—o!" cried Mr. Pickwick, as the tall quadruped evinced a decided inclination to back into the coffee-room window.

"Wo—o!" echoed Mr. Tnpman and Mr. Snodgrass, from the bin.

"Only his playfulness, gen'lm'n," said the head ostler encouragingly; "jist kitch hold on him, Villiam." The deputy restrained the animal's impetuosity, and the principal ran to assist Mr. Winkle in mounting.

"T'other side, sir, if you please."

"Blowed if the gen'lm'n worn 'ta gettin' up on the wrong side," whispered a grinning post-boy to the inexpressibly gratified waiter.

"Mr. Winkle, thus instructed, climbed into his saddle, with about as much difficulty as he would have experienced in getting up the side of a first-rate man-of-war.

"All right?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, with an inward presentiment that it was all wrong.

"All right," replied Mr. Winkle faintly.

"Let 'em go," cried the ostler,— "Hold him in, sir," and away went the chaise, and the saddle-horse, with Mr. Pickwick on the box of the one, and Mr. Winkle on the back of the other.

to the delight and gratification of the whole inn-yard.

“What makes him go sideways?” said Mr. Snodgrass in the bin, to Mr. Winkle in the saddle.

“I can’t imagine,” replied Mr. Winkle. His horse was drifting up the street in the most mysterious manner—side first, with his head towards one side of the way, and his tail towards the other.

Mr. Pickwick had no leisure to observe either this or any other particular, the whole of his faculties being concentrated in the management of the animal attached to the chaise, who displayed various peculiarities, highly interesting to a bystander, but by no means equally amusing to any one seated behind him. Besides constantly jerking his head up, in a very unpleasant and uncomfortable manner, and tugging at the reins to an extent which rendered it a matter of great difficulty for Mr. Pickwick to hold them, he had a singular propensity for darting suddenly every now and then to the side of the road, then stopping short, and then rushing forward for some minutes, at a speed which it was wholly impossible to control.

“What *can* he mean by this?” said Mr. Snodgrass, when the horse had executed this manœuvre for the twentieth time.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Tupman; "it *looks* very like shying, don't it?" Mr. Snodgrass was about to reply, when he was interrupted by a shout from Mr. Pickwick.

"Woo!" said that gentleman; "I have dropped my whip."

"Winkle," said Mr. Snodgrass, as the equestrian came trotting up on the tall horse, with his hat over his ears, and shaking all over, as if he would shake to pieces, with the violence of the exercise, "pick up the whip, there's a good fellow." Mr. Winkle pulled at the bridle of the tall horse till he was black in the face; and having at length succeeded in stopping him, dismounted, handed the whip to Mr. Pickwick, and grasping the reins, prepared to remount.

Now whether the tall horse, in the natural playfulness of his disposition, was desirous of having a little innocent recreation with Mr. Winkle, or whether it occurred to him that he could perform the journey as much to his own satisfaction without a rider as with one, are points upon which, of course, we can arrive at no definite and distinct conclusion. By whatever motives the animal was actuated certain it is that Mr. Winkle had no sooner touched the reins than he slipped them over his head, and darted backwards to their full length.

“Poor fellow,” said Mr. Winkle soothingly, “poor fellow—good old horse.” The “poor fellow” was proof against more he sidled away; and, notwithstanding all kinds of coaxing and wheedling, there were Mr. Winkle and the horse going round and round each other for ten minutes, at the end of which time each was at precisely the same distance from the other as when they first commenced—an unsatisfactory sort of thing under any circumstances, but particularly so in a lonely road, where no assistance can be procured.

“What am I to do?” shouted Mr. Winkle, after the dodging had been prolonged for a considerable time. “What am I to do? I can’t get on him.”

“You had better lead him till we come to a turnpike,” replied Mr. Pickwick from the chaise.

“But he won’t come!” roared Mr. Winkle. “Do come, and hold him.”

Mr. Pickwick was the very personation of kindness and humanity: he threw the reins on the horse’s back, and having descended from his seat, carefully drew the chaise into the hedge, lest anything should come along the road, and stepped back to the assistance of his distressed companion, leaving Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the vehicle.

The horse no sooner beheld Mr. Pickwick advancing towards him with the chaise-whip in his hand, than he exchanged the rotatory motion in which he had previously indulged, for a retrograde movement of so very determined a character, that it at once drew Mr. Winkle, who was still at the end of the bridle, at a rather quicker rate than fast walking, in the direction from which they had just come. Mr. Pickwick ran to his assistance, but the faster Mr. Pickwick ran forward, the faster the horse ran backward. There was a great scraping of feet, and kicking up of the dust; and at last Mr. Winkle, his arms being nearly pulled out of their sockets, fairly let go his hold. The horse paused, stared, shook his head, turned round, and quietly trotted home to Rochester, leaving Mr. Winkle and Mr. Pickwick gazing on each other with countenances of blank dismay. A rattling noise at a little distance attracted their attention. They looked up.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the agonized Mr. Pickwick, "there's the other horse running away!"

It was but too true. The animal was started by the noise, and the reins were on his back. The result may be guessed. He tore off with the four-wheeled chaise behind him, and Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the four-wheeled chaise.

The heat was a short one. Mr. Tupman threw himself into the hedge, Mr. Snodgrass followed his example, the horse dashed the four-wheeled chaise against a wooden bridge, separated the wheels from the body, and the bin from the perch; and finally stood stock-still to gaze upon the ruin he had made.

The first care of the two unspilt friends was to extricate their unfortunate companions from their bed of quickset—a process which gave them the unspeakable satisfaction of discovering that they had sustained no injury, beyond sundry rents in their garments, and various lacerations from the brambles. The next thing to be done was to unharness the horse. This complicated process having been effected, the party walked slowly forward, leading the horse among them, and abandoning the chaise to its fate.

Aids to Study

Study of Words and Phrases

1. Consumer (n) [Con (with), *sum-o*, *sumpt-um* (to take):
con-sume (v), con-sumer (n), Con-sumpt-ion (n).]
Con-sumpt-ion (v) [as-sume, as-sumpt-ion, pre-sume,
pre-sumpt-ion, pre-sumpt-uous.]

(a) Illustrate the use of the word 'bridle' in different contexts.

(b) Use the following expressions in sentences of your own :—

bear testimony ; no sooner ; let go ; tore off ; stock-still.

(c) Distinguish between :

principal, principle ; gratification, satisfaction.

Subject-Matter and Composition

2. (a) Explain :

(i) " Mr. Pickwick found . . . its consumers."

(ii) " Now whether the tall horse their full length."

(iii) " Poor fellow," said Mr. Winkle . . . procured."

(b) Briefly describe the trouble Mr. Winkle and Mr. Pickwick had with the horse.

(c) Write an essay on "*A pleasant morning ride.*"

(d) Describe a ride through a desert.

(e) What is a slang? Pick out all such expressions from the lesson and rewrite them in suitable English.

Grammar

3. (a) Give (i) Adjectives from : symmetry ; mysterious.

(ii) Nouns from : restrain ; retrograde

(iii) Verbs from : inclination.

(b) Correct :

✓ He carefully drew the chaise into the hedge, lest anything might come along the road.

(c) Parse the words printed below in italics :—

We had *better consult* the waiter. By *whatever* motives the animal was actuated, *certain* it is that Mr. Winkle had *no sooner* touched the reins, *than* he slipped them over his

head, and darted backwards to their full length. *The more* Mr. Winkle tried to get nearer him, *the more* he sidled away.

(d) Analyse :

(i) "Now whether full length."

(ii) "The poor fellow be procured."

(e) Change into Indirect Speech the passage containing the discussion over the question of driving.

Spelling

Note carefully the spelling of the following words:—
preliminary; chaise, chase; principal, principle; impetuosity; leisure; manœuvre; twentieth; symmetry, cemetery.

4. COLUMBUS AT BARCELONA

From "LIFE OF COLUMBUS" BY WASHINGTON IRVING



[*Washington Irving* (1783 - 1859) was born in New York. His father was a merchant of some standing there. As a boy he must have been of a very quiet and gentle nature. "Books of voyages and travels became my passion," he writes, "and, in devouring their contents, I neglected the regular exercises of the school." Although educated for the legal profession, his tastes

were in the direction of literature. He was in a lawyer's office when, at nineteen, he began writing little humorous articles in a paper edited by his brother. His health was shattered, hence he went over to England and the continent of Europe, which enabled him to recoup his health. He had the gift of making the description of a place realistic and full of charm. "The Sketch Book" stands unrivalled in this respect. He excelled equally well as a historian, and a teller of tales. Some of his great works—'Life of Columbus,' 'Life of Oliver Goldsmith,' 'Life of Washington'—will ever attract the attention of readers. His short story of 'Rip Van Winkle' is sure to be read for a long time.]

commands of the sovereigns. He sent a memorandum of the ships, men, and munitions requisite, and, having made such dispositions at Seville as circumstances permitted, set out for Barcelona, taking with him the six Indians, and the various curiosities and productions brought from the New World.

The fame of his discovery had resounded throughout the nation, and, as his route lay through several of the finest and most populous provinces of Spain, his journey appeared like the progress of a sovereign. Whenever he passed, the country poured forth its inhabitants, who lined the road and thronged the villages. The streets, windows, and balconies of the towns were filled with eager spectators, who rent the air with acclamations. His journey was continually impeded by the multitude pressing to gain a sight of him and of the Indians, who were regarded with as much astonishment as if they had been natives of another planet. It was impossible to satisfy the craving curiosity which assailed himself and his attendants at every stage with innumerable questions ; popular rumour, as usual, had exaggerated the truth and had filled the newly-found country with all kinds of wonders.

About the middle of April Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been

made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception. The beauty and serenity of the weather in that genial season and favoured climate contributed to give splendour to this memorable ceremony. As he drew near the place, many of the more youthful courtiers and hidalgos, together with a vast concourse of the populace came forth to meet and welcome him. His entrance into this noble city has been compared to one of those triumphs which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors. First were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with their national ornaments of gold ; after these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants supposed to be of precious qualities ; while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets, bracelets and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly-discovered regions. After this followed Columbus on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry. The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude ; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair ; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an

unknown world, or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered. There was a sublimity in this event that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. It was looked upon as a vast and signal dispensation of Providence in reward for the piety of the monarchs ; and the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, so different from the youth and buoyancy generally expected from roving enterprise, seemed in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of his achievement.

To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state, with the Prince Juan beside them, and attended by the dignitaries of their court, and the principal nobility of Castile, Valentia, Catalonia and Aragon, all impatient to behold the man who had conferred so incalculable a benefit upon the nation. At length Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers, among whom, says Las Casas, he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which, with his countenance rendered venerable by his gray hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator of Rome. A modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed



Columbus bringing the news of the discovery of America to the King and Queen of Spain in 1493 in the Palace at Barcelona—Page 46

the state and glory in which he came, and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inflamed by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved, than these testimonials of the admiration, and gratitude of a nation, or rather of a world. As Columbus approached, the sovereigns rose, as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he offered to kiss their hands ; but there was some hesitation on their part to permit this act of homage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence ; a rare honor in this proud punctilious court.

At their request, he now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands discovered. He displayed specimens of unknown birds and other animals ; of rare plants of medicinal and aromatic virtues ; of native gold in dust, in crude masses, or laboured into barbaric ornaments ; and, above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest. All these he pronounced mere harbingers of greater discoveries yet to be made, which would add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties and whole nations of proselytes to the true faith.

When he had finished, the sovereigns sank on their knees, and, raising their clasped hands to heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence : all present followed their example ; a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph. The Anthem *Te Deum laudamus*, chanted by the choir of the royal chapel, with the accompaniment of instruments, rose in a full body of sacred harmony, bearing up as it were the feelings and thoughts of the auditors to heaven, "so that," says the venerable Las Casas, "it seemed as if in that hour they communicated with celestial delights." Such was the solemn and pious manner in which the brilliant court of Spain celebrated this sublime event ; offering up a grateful tribute of melody and praise and giving glory to God for the discovery of another world.

Aids to Study

Study of Words and Phrases

1. (a) *Acquisition* (n) [*ac-quer-o*, *quæsit-um* (to seek) : *ac-quire* (v), *ac-quire-ment* (n), *query*, *in-quiry*, *in-quest*, *quest-ion*, *in-quisit-ive*.]

(b) *Assail* (v) [*as-sal-io*, *salt-um* (to leap) : *as-sail-ant* (n), *as-sault* (n), *re-sult* (n).]

2. (a) Mark the use of the word 'live' in the following :
Bengalees *live on* (upon) rice. (v. *subsist*)

He lives *on* (upon) his brother's income. (v. subsist)

Many of us are simply *living from hand to mouth* in these hard days. (v. managing somehow to meet the expenses)

Honest men *live up to their principles*. (v. put into practice)

When the world was in its infancy, people lived *to themselves* without any government. (v. in isolation)

He *lived* the principles he preached. (v. practised)

They *live in a small way*, without caring what is going on in the world. (v. quietly, cheaply)

His death was imminent last evening, but *he lived out* the night. (v. survived)

His mysterious death is a *live issue* till now. (n. still discussed)

(b) Illustrate the use of the following words in different contexts :

court; close; divine; concert; display; dispense; tribute; repair.

(c) Frame sentences to distinguish between :

reign, rein, rain; discover, invent; populous, populace, popular; continual, continuous; genius, genial; decree, deery, degree; anditor, editor; choir, coir.

3. Note the beauty in the use of the italicized words and phrases :

Whenever he passed, the country *poured forth* its inhabitants, who *lined the road*. The towns were filled with eager spectators, who *rent the air with acclamation*. A *modest smile lighted up his feature*. The *sovereigns sank on their knees*.

Subject-Matter and Composition

4. (a) Explain :

(i) "The event he announced . . . beyond the reach of dispute."

(ii) "The fame of his discovery . . . all kinds of wonders."

(iii) "The beauty and serenity of the weather conquerors."

(iv) "There was sublimity . . . of his achievement."

(b) Write in your own words an account of the right royal welcome accorded to Columbus on the way to, and at Barcelona.

(c) How was 'the sublime event' of the momentous discovery celebrated at the court of Spain?

(d) Suppose you were Columbus, draft a detailed letter to the King of Spain, giving an account of your voyage, discovery, and the trophies brought home from the New World.

Grammar

5. (a) Give: (i) Adjectives from: sensation, production, cause, expedition, ambition, harmony, grandeur, splendour, triumphs, piety.

(ii) Nouns from: prosperous, secure, discover, impede, various, splendid.

(iii) Verbs from: expedition, extensive, requisite, gold, throne, auditor.

(b) Analyse:

(i) "At length Columbus entered the hall . . . a senator of Rome."

(ii) "The event he announeced . . . of the true faith."

(iii) "A modest smile . . . of a world"

(c) Parse the words printed in italics below:—

They were regarded with as much astonishment *as if* they had been natives of another planet. It was impossible to *satisfy* the *craving* curiosity. Popular rumour, *as usual*, had exaggerated the truth.

Spelling

6. Note carefully the spelling of the following words:

reign, rein, rain; triumph; sovereign; plane, plain, plan; memorandum; exaggerate; populous, populaee; spacious; species; impossible, impassable; boy, buoy; state, estate; punctilious.

5. A LESSON OF FAITH

From "PARABLES FROM NATURE," BY MRS. GATTY

[*Margaret Gatty* (1809—73), the author of *Parables From Nature*, was the wife of Rev. Alfred Soott Gatty. Her daughter, *Juliana Horatia Orr* (1842—85) was a writer for children. She early began to compose nursery plays, which suggested her mother to start *Aunt Judy's Magazine*. After Mrs. Gatty's death, she edited the magazine with her sister for a time, and published in it many of her charming stories. In her *Parables From Nature* she has very beautifully illustrated natural phenomena and spiritual principles through interesting parables.]

"Let me hire you as a nurse for my poor children," said a Butterfly to a quiet Caterpillar, who was strolling along a cabbage-leaf in her odd lumbering way. "See these little eggs," continued the Butterfly. "I don't know how long it will be before they come to life, and I feel very sick and poorly, and if I should die, who will take care of my baby butterflies when I am gone? Will you, kind, mild, green Caterpillar? But you must mind what you give them to eat, Caterpillar! They cannot, of course, live on your rough food.

"You must give them early dew, and honey from the flowers; and you must let them fly about only a little way at first; for of course, one can't expect them to use their wings properly all at once. Dear me! it is a sad pity you cannot fly yourself. But I have no time to look for another nurse now, so you will do your best, I hope. Dear! dear! I cannot think what made me come and lay my eggs on a cabbage-leaf! What a place for young butterflies to be born upon! Still, you will be kind, will you not, to the poor little ones? Here take this gold-dust from my wings as a reward. Oh, how dizzy I am! Caterpillar! you will remember about the food——"

And with these words the Butterfly drooped her wings and died; and the green Caterpillar, who had not had the opportunity of even saying Yes or No to the request, was left standing alone by the side of the Butterfly's eggs.

"A pretty nurse she has chosen, indeed, poor lady!" exclaimed she, "and a pretty business I have in hand! Why, her senses must have left her, or she never would have asked a poor crawling creature like me to bring up her dainty little ones! Much they'll mind me, truly, when they feel the gay wings on their backs, and can fly away out of my sight whenever they choose! Ah! how

silly some people are, in spite of their painted clothes and the gold-dust on their wings!"

However, the poor Bntterfly was dead, and there lay the eggs on the cabbage-leaf; and the green Caterpillar had a kind heart, so she resolved to do her best. But she got no sleep that night, she was so very anxious. She made her back quite ache with walking all night long round her young charges, for fear any harm should happen to them; and in the morning says she to herself:—

"Two heads are better than one. I will consult some wise animal upon the matter, and get advice. How should a poor crawling creature like me know what to do without asking my betters?"

But still there was a difficulty—whom should the Caterpillar consult? There was the shaggy dog who sometimes came into the garden. But he was so rough!—he would most likely whisk all the eggs off the cabbage-leaf with one brush of his tail, if she called him near to talk to her, and then she should never forgive herself. There was the tomeet, to be sure, who would sometimes sit at the foot of the apple-tree, basking himself and warming his fur in the sunshine; but he was so selfish and indifferent! there was no hope of his giving himself the trouble to think about butterflies' eggs.

"I wonder which is the wisest of all the animals I know," sighed the Caterpillar, in great distress; and then she thought, and thought, till at last she thought of the Lark; and she fancied that because he went up so high, and nobody knew where he went to, he must be very clever, and know a great deal; for to go up very high (which she could never do) was the Caterpillar's idea of perfect glory.

Now, in the neighbouring corn-field there lived a Lark, and the Caterpillar sent a message to him, to beg him to come and talk to her; and when he came she told him all her difficulties, and asked him what she was to do, to feed and rear the little creatures so different from herself.

"Perhaps you will be able to inquire and hear something about it next time you go up high," observed the Caterpillar timidly.

The Lark said, "perhaps he should"; but he did not satisfy her curiosity any further. Soon afterwards, however, he went singing upwards into the bright, blue sky. By degrees his voice died away in the distance, till the green Caterpillar could not hear a sound. It is nothing to say she could not see him; for, poor thing! she never could see far at any time, and had a difficulty in looking upwards at all, even when she reared

herself up most carefully, which she did now ; but it was of no use, so she dropped upon her legs again, and resumed her walk round the Butterfly's eggs, nibbling a bit of the cabbage-leaf now and then as she moved along.

"What a time the Lark has been gone!" she cried at last. "I wonder where he is just now! I would give all my legs to know! He must have flown up higher than usual this time, I do think! How I should like to know where it is that he goes to, and what he hears in that curious blue sky! He always sings in going up and coming down but he never lets any secret out. He is very, very close!"

And the green Caterpillar took another turn round the Butterfly's eggs.

At last the Lark's voice began to be heard again. The Caterpillar almost jumped for joy, and it was not long before she saw her friend descend with hushed note to the cabbage bed.

"News, news, glorious news, friend Caterpillar!" sang the Lark ; "but the worst of it is, you won't believe me!"

"I believe everything I am told," observed the Caterpillar hastily.

'Well, then. first of all, I will tell you what these little creatures are to eat"—and the Lark

noddled his beak towards the eggs. "What do you think it is to be? Guess!"

"Dew, and the honey out of flowers. I am afraid," sighed the Caterpillar.

"No such thing, old lady! Something simpler than that. Something you can get at quite easily."

"I can get at nothing quite easily but cabbage-leaves," murmured the Caterpillar, in distress.

"Excellent, my good friend!" cried the Lark; "you have found it out. You are to feed them with cabbage-leaves."

"Never!" said the Caterpillar indignantly. "It was their dying mother's last request that I should do no such thing."

"Their dying mother knew nothing about the matter," persisted the Lark. "But why do you ask me, and then disbelieve what I say? You have neither faith nor trust."

"Oh, I believe everything I am told," said the Caterpillar.

"Nay, but you do not," replied the Lark; "you won't believe me even about the food, and yet that is but a beginning of what I have to tell you. Why, Caterpillar, what do you think those little eggs will turn out to be?"

"Butterflies, to be sure," said the Caterpillar.

"Caterpillars!" sang the Lark; "and you'll find it out in time"; and the Lark flew away, for he did not want to stay and contest the point with his friend.

"I thought the Lark had been wise and kind," observed the mild green Caterpillar, once more beginning to walk round the eggs, "but I find that he is foolish and saucy instead. Perhaps he went up too high this time. Ah, it's a pity when people who soar so high are silly and rude nevertheless! Dear! I still wonder whom he sees, and what he does up yonder."

"I would tell you, if you would believe me," sang the Lark, descending once more.

"I believe everything I am told," reiterated the Caterpillar, with as grave a face as if it were a fact.

"Then I'll tell you something else," cried the Lark; "for the best of my news remains behind. You will one day be a Butterfly yourself."

"Wretched bird!" exclaimed the Caterpillar; "now you are cruel as well as foolish. Go away! I will ask your advice no more."

"I told you you would not believe me," cried the Lark, nettled in his turn.

"I believe everything that I am told," persisted the Caterpillar; "that is"—and she hesitated—

"everything that it is reasonable to believe. But to tell me that butterflies' eggs are caterpillars, and that caterpillars leave off crawling and get wings, and become butterflies--! Lark! you are too wise to believe such nonsense yourself, for you know it is impossible."

"I know no such thing," said the Lark, warmly. "Whether I hover over the corn-fields of earth, or go up into the depths of the sky, I see so many wonderful things, I know no reason why there should not be more. Oh, Caterpillar! it is because you crawl, because you never get beyond your cabbage-leaf, that you call anything impossible."

"Nonsense!" shouted the Caterpillar. "I know what's possible, and what's not possible, as well as you do. Look at my long green body and these endless legs, and then talk to me about having wings and a painted, feathery coat! Fool——!"

"And fool you! you would-be wise Caterpillar!" cried the indignant Lark. "Fool, to attempt to reason about what you cannot understand! Do you not hear how my song swells with rejoicing as I soar upwards to the mysterious wonder-world above? Oh, Caterpillar! what comes to you from thence, receive as I do upon trust."

"That is what you call ——"

"Faith," interrupted the Lark.

"How am I to learn Faith?" asked the Caterpillar.

At that moment she felt something at her side. She looked round—eight or ten little green caterpillars were moving about, and had already made a show of a hole in the cabbage-leaf. They had broken from the Butterfly's eggs!

Shame and amazement filled our green friend's heart, but joy soon followed, for, as the first wonder was possible, the second might be so too. "Teach me your lesson, Lark!" she would say: and the Lark sang to her of the wonders of the earth below, and of the heaven above. And the Caterpillar talked all the rest of her life to her relations of the time when she should be a Butterfly.

But none of them believed her. She nevertheless had learnt the Lark's lesson of Faith, and when she was going into her chrysalis grave, she said—"I shall be a Butterfly some day!"

But her relations thought her head was wandering, and they said, "Poor thing!"

And when she was a Butterfly, and was going to die again, she said;

"I have known many wonders—I have faith—I can trust even now for what shall come next!"

Aids to Study

Study of Words and Phrases

1. (a) Perfect (a) [*Per.* (through)-*fact*-um (to make) : perfect; per-fect-ion (n); fact-ory; af-fect; bene-fact-or.]

(b) Different (a) [*Dif* (a-under)-*fer*-o (bear or bring) : dif-fer (v), dif-fer-ent (a), dif-fer-ence (n), re-fer, con-fer, re-fer-ence, con-fer-ence.]

2. (a) Mark the use of the word 'go' in the following sentences:

He will *go bail* for me. (v. stand surety for me)

Let them *go to the dogs*, if they are not willing to follow my advice. (v. be ruined)

In this on-rush, the weaker must *go to the wall*. (v. be pushed aside)

The members of the Assembly decided to *go to the country*. (v. test opinion by general election).

He *went to the bar* at nineteen. (v. became barrister)

He *went to sea* very early. (v. became a sailor)

The world is *going hard* (or *easy*) with me. (v. troublesome) (pleasant)

His remark *has gone to my heart*. (v. grieved me)

A thunderbolt fell from the sky and he *was gone*. (v. dead)

Do not stand here, *go about your business*. (v. attend to your work)

He has *gone off his head*. (v. gone mad)

Go through this book. (v. examine in detail)

The lamp *has gone out*. (v. extinguished)

A gentleman should *not go back upon his word*. (v. be false to his word)

He *goes by* my advice. (v. is guided by)

The ship has *gone down* after all. (v. sunk)

He is the man with some *go* in him. (n. spirit)

It *goes against the grain* to punish the servant. (v. is unpleasant)

The property has *gone to rack and ruin*. (v. in wretched condition)

It is no use *going on a fool's errand*. (v. undertake a fruitless task)

(b) Illustrate the use of the following words in different contexts :

nurse, lay, leaf, back, round, charge, faney, sound, turn
(n. and v. followed by, up, upon, back upon, a deaf ear to, over a new leaf, table, tail, out).

(c) Frame sentences to distinguish between :

further, farther ; long before, before long ; decent, descent, dissent.

(d) Use the following expressions in sentences of your own :

do one's best ; do away with ; done up ; do without ; bring to book ; by degrees ; now and then ; in time.

Subject-Matter and Composition

3. (a) Explain :

(i) "A pretty nurse on their wings !"

(ii) "What a time very, very close !"

(iii) "Shame and amazement be a Butterfly !"

(b) How did the Lark teach the 'Lesson of Faith' to the Caterpillar ?

(c) "God moves in mysterious ways."—Comment upon this statement.

(d) Write an imaginary story to teach the 'lesson of service' through some natural phenomenon.

Grammar

4. (a) Give: (i) Verbs from: food, advice.

(ii) Adjectives from: mind, pity, opportunity, glory, face.

(iii) Nouns from: gay, choose, know, high, enquire, warm, indignant, move, resume, descend, believe.

(b) What kind of expression is 'Dear me!' Give a few other similar expressions with their meanings.

(c) Parse the words printed in italics below:

Let me hire you *as* a nurse for my poor children. *What* a time the lark has been gone! *What* do you think it is *to be*?

(d) Put the speech of the Butterfly into Indirect.

(e) Analyse:

(i) "Now, in the neighbouring corn-field different from herself."

(ii) "It is nothing to say she moved along."

(iii) "Whether I have call anything impossible."

Spelling

5. Note carefully the spelling of the following words:


hire, higher: dew, due; early, yearly; except, accept, expect; here, hear; further, farther; vice, voice; descent, decent, dissent; floor, flour, flower; soar, sore; show, sow, so.



Philemon meets the two strangers—Page 63

6. THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER

From "A WONDER BOOK" BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE



[*Nathaniel Hawthorne* (1804—64) was born at Salem, Massachusetts (America). His father, who was a merchant captain, died on a dangerous voyage when Hawthorne was only four years old. He was an imaginative, sensitive boy. He had very early formed a habit of retirement even while he was at Bowdoin College, where he took his degree in 1825 along with the poet Longfellow. His habit of solitude afforded him ample scope for serious study and acquisition of knowledge. He was very fond of "The Faerie Queen" and "The Pilgrim's Progress." The richness of his mind, as the result of his early reading, was seen in the beauty of his literary style. He has written a great many beautiful stories. The book which has endeared his name, is *The Wonder Book*, containing one of the most delightful series of fairy stories ever written. His style is specially adapted to the comprehension of children. He was one of the greatest novelists ; and he is chiefly famous for his novel, *The Scarlet Letter*.]

One evening, in times long ago, old Philemon and his old wife Baucis sat at their cottage-door, enjoying the calm and beautiful sunset. They

had already eaten their frugal supper, and intended to spend a quiet hour or two before bedtime. So they talked together about their garden, and their cow, and their bees, and their grape-vines, which clambered over the cottage-wall and on which the grapes were beginning to turn purple. But the rude shouts of children and the fierce barking of dogs, in the village near at hand, grew louder and louder, until, at last, it was hardly possible for Baucis and Philemon to hear each other speak.

"Ah, wife," cried Philemon, "I fear some poor traveller is seeking hospitality among our neighbours yonder, and, instead of giving him food and lodging, they have set their dogs at him, as their custom is!"

"Well-a-day!" answered old Baucis. "I do wish our neighbours felt a little more kindness for their fellow-creatures. And only think of bringing up their children in this naughty way, and patting them on the head when they fling stones at strangers!"

"Those children will never come to any good," said Philemon, shaking his white head. "To tell you the truth, wife, I should not wonder if some terrible thing were to happen to all the people in the village, unless they mend their manners. But, as for you and me, so long as

Providence affords us a crust of bread, let us be ready to give half to any poor homeless stranger that may come along and need it."

"That's right, husband!" said Baucis. "So we will!"

These old folks, you must know, were quite poor, and had to work pretty hard for a living. Old Philemon toiled diligently in his garden, while Baucis was always busy with her distaff, or making a little butter and cheese with their cow's milk, or doing one thing or another about the cottage. Their food was seldom anything but bread, milk, and vegetables, with sometimes a portion of honey from their beehive and now and then a bunch of grapes that had ripened against the cottage-wall. But they were two of the kindest old people in the world, and would cheerfully have gone without their dinners any day, rather than refuse a slice of their brown loaf, a cup of new milk, and a spoonful of honey, to the weary traveller who might pause before their door. They felt as if such guests had a sort of holiness, and that they ought, therefore, to treat them better and more bountifully than their own selves.

Their cottage stood on a rising ground, at some short distance from a village, which lay in a hollow valley that was about half a mile in breadth.

This valley, in past ages, when the world was new, had probably been the bed of a lake. There fishes had glided to and fro in the depths, and water-weeds had grown along the margin, and trees and hills had seen their reflected images in the broad and peaceful mirror. But, as the waters subsided, men had cultivated the soil, and built houses on it, so that it was now a fertile spot, and bore no traces of the ancient lake, except a very small brook which meandered through the midst of the village, and supplied the inhabitants with water. The valley had been dry land so long that oaks had sprung up, and grown great and high, and perished with old age, and been succeeded by others, as tall and stately as the first. Never was there a prettier or more fruitful valley. The very sight of the plenty around them should have made the inhabitants kind and gentle and ready to show their gratitude to Providence by doing good to their fellow-creatures.

But, we are sorry to say, the people of this lovely village were not worthy to dwell in a spot on which Heaven had smiled so beneficently. They were a very selfish and hard-hearted people, and had no pity for the poor, nor sympathy with the homeless. They would only have laughed had anybody told them that human beings owe a

debt of love to one another, because there is no other method of paying the debt of love and care which all of us owe to Providence. You will hardly believe what I am going to tell you. These naughty people taught their children to be no better than themselves, and used to clap their hands, by way of encouragement, when they saw the little boys and girls run after some poor stranger, shouting at his heels, and pelting him with stones. They kept large and fierce dogs, and whenever a traveller ventured to show himself in the village street, this pack of disagreeable curs scampered to meet him, barking, snarling, and showing their teeth. Then they would seize him by the leg, or by his clothes, just as it happened ; and if he were ragged when he came, he was generally a pitiable object before he had time to run away. This was a very terrible thing to poor travellers as you may suppose, especially when they chanced to be sick, or feeble, or lame or old. Such persons (if they once knew how badly these unkind people, and their unkind children and curs, were in the habit of behaving) would go miles and miles out of their way, rather than try to pass through the village again.

What made the matter seem worse, if possible, was when rich persons came in their chariots,

or riding on beautiful horses, with their servants in rich liveries attending on them, nobody could be more civil and obsequious than the inhabitants of the village. They would take off their hats, and make the humblest bows you ever saw. If the children were rude, they were pretty certain to get their ears boxed ; and as for the dogs, if a single cur in the pack presumed to yelp, his master instantly beat him with a club, and tied him up without any supper. This would have been all very well, only it proved that the villagers cared much about the money that a stranger had in his pocket, and nothing whatever for the human soul, which lives equally in the beggar and the prince.

So now you can understand why old Philemon spoke so sorrowfully, when he heard the shouts of the children and the barking of the dogs, at the farther extremity of the village street. There was a confused din, which lasted a good while, and seemed to pass quite through the breadth of the valley.

"I never heard the dogs so loud!" observed the good old man.

"Nor the children so rude!" answered his good old wife.

They sat shaking their heads, one to another, while the noise came nearer and nearer ; until,

at the foot of the little eminence on which their cottage stood, they saw two travellers approaching on foot. Close behind them came the fierce dogs, snarling at their very heels. A little farther off ran a crowd of children, who sent up shrill cries, and flung stones at the two strangers, with all their might. Once or twice the younger of the two men (he was a slender and very active figure) turned about, and drove back the dogs with a staff which he carried in his hand. His companion, who was a very tall person, walked calmly along, as if disdaining to notice either the naughty children, or the pack of curs, whose manners the children seemed to imitate.

Both of the travellers were very humbly clad, and looked as if they might not have money enough in their pockets to pay for a night's lodging. And this, I am afraid, was the reason why the villagers had allowed their children and dogs to treat them so rudely.

"Come, wife," said Philemon to Baucis, "let us go and meet these poor people. No doubt they feel almost too heavy-hearted to climb the hill."

"Go you and meet them," answered Baucis, "while I make haste within doors, and see whether we can get them anything for supper. A

Philemon was glad to see him in such good spirits; nor, indeed, would you have fancied, by the traveller's look and manner that he was weary with a long day's journey, besides being disheartened by rough treatment at the end of it. He was dressed in rather an odd way, with a sort of cap on his head, the brim of which stuck out over both ears. Though it was a summer evening, he wore a cloak, which he kept wrapt closely about him, perhaps because his under-garments were shabby. Philemon perceived, too, that he had on a singular pair of shoes. but as it was now dusk, and as the old man's eyesight was none of the sharpest, he could not precisely tell in what the strangeness consisted. One thing certainly seemed queer. The traveller was so wonderfully light and active, that it appeared as if his feet sometimes rose from the ground of their own accord, or could only be kept down by an effort.

"I used to be light-footed in my youth," said Philemon to the traveller. "But I always found my feet grow heavier towards nightfall."

"There is nothing like a good staff to help one along," answered the stranger, "and I happen to have an excellent one as you see."

This staff, in fact, was the oddest-looking staff that Philemon had ever beheld. It was

made of olive-wood, and had something like a little pair of wings near the top. Two snakes, carved in the wood, were represented as twining themselves about the staff, and were so very skilfully executed that old Philemon (whose eyes, you know, were getting rather dim) almost thought them alive, and that he could see them wriggling and twisting.

"A curious piece of work, sure enough!" said he. "A staff with wings! It would be an excellent kind of stick for a little boy to ride astride of!"

By this time Philemon and his two guests had reached the cottage door.

"Friends," said the old man, "sit down and rest yourselves here on this bench. My good wife Baucis has gone to see what you can have for supper. We are poor folks, but you shall be welcome to whatever we have in the cupboard."

The younger stranger threw himself carelessly on the bench, letting his staff fall as he did so. And here happened something rather marvellous, though trifling enough, too. The staff seemed to get up from the ground of its own accord, and, spreading its little pair of wings, it half-hopped, half-flew, and leaned itself against the wall of the cottage. There it stood quite still except that the

snakes continued to wriggle. But, in my private opinion, old Philemon's eyesight had been playing him tricks again. Before he could ask any questions, the elder stranger drew his attention from the wonderful staff by speaking to him.

"Was there not," asked the stranger, in a remarkably deep tone of voice, "a lake in very ancient time, covering the spot where now stands yonder village?"

"Not in my day, friend," answered Philemon, "and yet I am an old man, as you see. There were always the fields and meadows, just as they are now, and the old trees, and the little stream murmuring through the midst of the valley. My father, nor his father before him, ever saw it otherwise, so far as I know and doubtless it will still be the same when old Philemon shall be gone and forgotten!"

"That is more than can be safely foretold," observed the stranger; and there was something very stern in his deep voice. He shook his head, too, so that his dark and heavy curls were shaken with the movement. "Since the inhabitants of yonder village have forgotten the affections and sympathies of their nature, it were better that the lake should be rippling over their dwellings again!"

The traveller looked so stern that Philemon was really almost frightened; the more so, that, at his frown, the twilight seemed suddenly to grow darker, and that, when he shook his head, there was a roll as of thunder in the air.

But, in a moment afterwards, the stranger's face became so kindly and mild, that the old man quite forgot his terror. Nevertheless, he could not help feeling that this elder traveller must be no ordinary personage, although he happened now to be attired so humbly, and to be journeying on foot. Not that Philemon fancied him a prince in disguise or any character of that sort, but rather some exceedingly wise man, who went about the world in this poor garb, despising wealth and all worldly objects and seeking everywhere to add a mite to his wisdom. This idea appeared the more probable, because, when Philemon raised his eyes to see the stranger's face, he seemed to see more thought there in one look than he could have studied out in a lifetime.

While Baucis was setting the supper, the travellers both began to talk very sociably with Philemon. The younger, indeed, was extremely loquacious, and made such shrewd and witty remarks that the good old man continually burst out

a-laughing, and pronounced him the merriest fellow he had seen for many a day.

"Pray, my young friend," said he, as they grew familiar together. "what may I call your name?"

"Why, I am very nimble as you see," answered the traveller, "so, if you call me Quicksilver, the name will fit tolerably well."

"Quicksilver? Quicksilver?" repeated Philemon, looking in the traveller's face, to see if he were making fun of him. "It is a very odd name! and your companion there? has he as strange a one?"

"You must ask the Thunder to tell it you," replied Quicksilver, putting on a mysterious look. "No other voice is loud enough."

This remark, whether it were serious or in jest, might have caused Philemon to conceive a very great awe of the elder stranger, if, on venturing to gaze at him, he had not beheld so much beneficence in his visage. But, undoubtedly, here was the grandest figure that ever sat so humbly beside a cottage door. When the stranger conversed it was with gravity and in such a way that Philemon felt irresistibly moved to tell him everything which he had most at heart. This is always the feeling that people have when they

meet with anyone wise enough to comprehend all their good and evil, and not to despise a tittle of it.

But Philemon, simple and kind-hearted old man that he was, had not many secrets to disclose. He talked, however, quite garrulously about the events of his past life, in the whole course of which he had never been a score of miles from this very spot. His wife Baucis and himself had dwelt in the cottage from their youth upward, earning their bread by honest labour, always poor, but still contented. He told what excellent butter and cheese Baucis made, and how nice were the vegetables which he raised in his garden. He said, too, that because they loved one another so very much, it was the wish of both that death might not separate them, but that they should die, as they had lived, together.

As the stranger listened, a smile beamed over his countenance and made its expression as sweet as it was grand.

"You are a good old man," said he to Philemon, "and you have a good old wife to be your helpmate. It is fit that your wish be granted."

And it seemed to Philemon, just then, as if the sunset clouds threw up a bright flash from the west and kindled a sudden light in the sky.

Baucis had now got supper ready, and, coming to the door, began to make apologies for the poor fare which she was forced to set before her guests.

"Had we known you were coming," said she, "my good man and myself would have gone without a morsel, rather than you should lack a better supper. But I took the best part of to-day's milk to make cheese, and our last loaf is already half eaten. Ah me! I never feel the sorrow of being poor, save when a poor traveller knocks at our door."

"All will be very well; do not trouble yourself, my good dame," replied the elder stranger, kindly. "An honest, hearty welcome to a guest works miracles with the fare, and is capable of turning the coarsest food to nectar and ambrosia."

"A welcome you shall have," cried Baucis, "and likewise a little honey that we happen to have left, and a bunch of purple grapes besides."

"Why, mother Baucis, it is a feast!" exclaimed Quicksilver, laughing, "an absolute feast! and you shall see how bravely I will play my part at it! I think I never felt hungrier in my life."

"Mercy on us!" whispered Baucis to her husband. "If the young man has such a terrible appetite, I am afraid there will not be half enough supper!"

They all went into the cottage.

And now, my little auditors, shall I tell you something that will make you open your eyes very wide? It is really one of the oddest circumstances in the whole story. Quicksilver's staff, you recollect, had set itself up against the wall of the cottage. Well, when its master entered the door, leaving this wonderful staff behind, what should it do but immediately spread its little wings, and go hopping and fluttering up the doorsteps! Tap, rap, went the staff on the kitchen floor, nor did it rest until it had stood itself on end, with the greatest gravity and decorum, beside Quicksilver's chair. Old Philemon, however, as well as his wife, was so taken up in attending to their guests, that no notice was given to what the staff had been about.

As Baucis had said, there was but a scanty supper for two hungry travellers. In the middle of the table was the remnant of a brown loaf, with a piece of cheese on one side of it and a dish of honeycomb on the other. There was a pretty good bunch of grapes for each of the guests. A moderately sized earthen pitcher, nearly full of milk, stood at a corner of the board, and when Baucis had filled two bowls, and set them before the strangers, only a little milk remained at the bottom

of the pitcher. Alas! it is a very sad business when a bountiful heart finds itself pinched and squeezed among narrow circumstances. Poor Baucis kept wishing that she might starve for a week to come if it were possible by so doing to provide these hungry folks a more plentiful supper.

And, since the supper was so exceedingly small, she could not help wishing that their appetites had not been quite so large. Why, at their first sitting down, the travellers both drank off all the milk in their two bowls at a draught.

"A little more milk, kind Mother Baucis, if you please," said Quicksilver. "The day has been hot, and I am very much athirst."

"Now, my dear people," answered Baucis in great confusion, "I am so sorry and ashamed! But the truth is, there is hardly a drop more milk in the pitcher. Oh husband! husband! why didn't we go without our supper?"

"Why, it appears to me," cried Quicksilver, starting up from the table and taking the pitcher by the handle, "it really appears to me that matters are not quite so bad as you represent them. Here is certainly more milk in the pitcher."

So saying, and to the vast astonishment of Baucis, he proceeded to fill, not only his own bowl, but his companion's likewise, from the pitcher that

was supposed to be almost empty. The good woman could scarcely believe her eyes. She had certainly poured out nearly all the milk, and had peeped in afterwards, and seen the bottom of the pitcher as she set it down upon the table.

"But I am old," thought Baucis to herself, "and apt to be forgetful. I suppose I must have made a mistake. At all events, the pitcher cannot help being empty now after filling the bowls twice over."

"What excellent milk!" observed Quicksilver, after quaffing the contents of the second bowl. "Excuse me, my kind hostess, but I must really ask you for a little more."

Now Baucis had seen, as plainly as she could see anything, that Quicksilver had turned the pitcher upside down, and consequently had poured out every drop of milk in filling the last bowl. Of course there could not possibly be any left. However, in order to let him know precisely how the case was, she lifted the pitcher, and made a gesture as if pouring milk into Quicksilver's bowl, but without the remotest idea that any milk would stream forth. What was her surprise, therefore, when such an abundant cascade fell bubbling into the bowl, that it was immediately filled to the brim, and overflowed upon the table! The two snakes



Philemon and Baucis looking inside the Miraculous Pitcher—Page 80

that were twisted about Quicksilver's staff (but neither Baucis nor Philemon happened to observe this circumstance) stretched out their heads, and began to lap up the spilt milk.

And then what a delicious fragrance the milk had! It seemed as if Philemon's only cow must have pastured, that day, on the richest herbage that could be found anywhere in the world. I only wish that each of you, my beloved little souls, could have a bowl of such nice milk at supper-time!

"And now a slice of your brown loaf, Mother Baucis," said Quicksilver, "and a little of that honey!"

Baucis cut him a slice, accordingly, and although the loaf, when she and her husband ate of it, had been rather too dry and crusty to be palatable, it was now as light and moist as if but a few hours out of the oven. Tasting a crumb, which had fallen on the table, she found it more delicious than bread ever was before, and could hardly believe that it was a loaf of her own kneading and baking. Yet, what other loaf could it possibly be?

But, oh, the honey! I may just as well let it alone, without trying to describe how exquisitely it smelt and looked.

Its colour was that of the purest and most transparent gold: and it had the odour of a thousand flowers; but of such flowers as never grew in an earthly garden, and to seek which the bees must have flown high above the clouds. The wonder is, that, after alighting on a flower-bed of so delicious fragrance and immortal bloom, they should have been content to fly down again to their hive in Philemon's garden. Never was such honey tasted, seen, or smelt. The perfume floated around the kitchen, and made it so delightful that, had you closed your eyes, you would instantly have forgotten the low ceiling and smoky walls, and have fancied yourself in an arbour with celestial honeysuckle creeping over it.

Although good Mother Baucis was a simple old dame, she could not but think that there was something rather out of the common way in all that had been going on. So, after helping the guests to bread and honey, and laying a bunch of grapes by each of their plates, she sat down by Philemon and told him what she had seen in a whisper.

"Did you ever hear the like?" asked she.

"No, I never did," answered Philemon, with a smile. "And I rather think, my dear old wife, you have been walking about in a sort of dream.

If I had poured out the milk, I should have seen through the business at once. There happened to be a little more in the pitcher than you thought, that is all."

"Ah, husband," said Baucis, "say what you will, these are very uncommon people."

"Well, well," replied Philemon, still smiling, "perhaps they are. They certainly do look as if they had seen better days; and I am heartily glad to see them making so comfortable a supper."

Each of the guests had now taken his bunch of grapes upon his plate. Baucis (who rubbed her eyes, in order to see the more clearly) was of opinion that the clusters had grown larger and richer, and that each separate grape seemed to be on the point of bursting with ripe juice. It was entirely a mystery to her how such grapes could ever have been produced from the old stunted vine that climbed against the cottage-wall.

"Very admirable grapes, these!" observed Quicksilver, as he swallowed one after another, without apparently diminishing his cluster. "Pray, my good host, whence did you gather them?"

"From my own vine," answered Philemon. "You may see one of its branches twisting across the window, yonder. But wife and I never thought the grapes very fine ones."

"I never tasted better," said the guest. "Another cup of this delicious milk, if you please, and I shall then have supped better than a prince."

This time, old Philemon bestirred himself, and took up the pitcher, for he was curious to discover whether there was any reality in the marvels which Baucis had whispered to him. He knew that his good old wife was incapable of falsehood, and that she was seldom mistaken in what she supposed to be true; but this was so very singular a case that he wanted to see into it with his own eyes. On taking up the pitcher, therefore, he slyly peeped into it, and was fully satisfied that it contained not so much as a single drop. All at once, however, he beheld a little white fountain, which gushed up from the bottom of the pitcher and speedily filled it to the brim with foaming and deliciously fragrant milk. It is lucky that Philemon, in his surprise, did not drop the miraculous pitcher from his hand.

"Who are ye, wonder-working strangers?" cried he, even more bewildered than his wife had been.

"Your guests, my good Philemon, and your friends," replied the elder traveller, in his mild deep voice, that had something at once sweet and awe-inspiring in it. "Give me likewise a cup of

the milk, and may your piteher never be empty for kind Baueis and yourself, any more than for the needy wayfarer!"

The supper being now over, the strangers requested to be shown to their place of repose. The old people would gladly have talked with them a little longer, and have expressed the wonder which they felt and their delight at finding the poor and meagre supper prove so much better and more abundant than they hoped. But the elder traveller had inspired them with such reverence, that they dared not ask him any questions. And when Philemon drew Quicksilver aside, and inquired how under the sun a fountain of milk could have got into an old earthen piteher, this latter personage pointed to his staff.

"There is the whole mystery of the affair," quoth Quicksilver, "and if you can make it out, I'll thank you to let me know. I can't tell what to make of my staff. It is always playing such odd tricks as this, sometimes getting me a supper, and quite as often stealing it away. If I had any faith in such nonsense, I should say the stick was bewitched!"

He said no more, but looked so slyly in their faces that they rather fancied he was laughing at them. The magic staff went hopping

at his heels, as Quicksilver quitted the room. When left alone, the good old couple spent some little time in conversation about the events of the evening, and then lay down on the floor and fell fast asleep. They had given up their sleeping-room to the guests, and had no other bed for themselves save these planks, which I wish had been as soft as their own hearts.

The old man and his wife were stirring betimes in the morning, and the strangers likewise arose with the sun, and made their preparation to depart.

Philemon hospitably entreated them to remain a little longer, until Baucis could milk the cow, and bake a cake upon the hearth, and, perhaps, find them a few fresh eggs for breakfast. The guests, however, seemed to think it better to accomplish a good part of their journey before the heat of the day should come on.

They therefore persisted in setting out immediately, but asked Philemon and Baucis to walk forth with them a short distance, and show them the road which they were to take.

So they all four issued from the cottage, chatting together like old friends. It was very remarkable indeed, how familiar the old couple insensibly grew with the elder traveller, and how their good and simple spirits melted into his, even as two

drops of water would melt into the illimitable ocean. And as for Quicksilver, with his keen, quick, laughing wits, he appeared to discover every little thought that but peeped into their minds before they suspected it themselves. They sometimes wished, it is true, that he had not been quite so quick-witted, and also that he would fling away his staff, which looked so mysteriously mischievous with the snakes always writhing about it. But then, again, Quicksilver showed himself so very good-humoured, that they would have been rejoiced to keep him in their cottage, staff, snakes, and all, every day, and the whole day long.

“Ah, me! Well-a-day!” exclaimed Philemon, when they had walked a little way from their door, “if our neighbours only knew what a blessed thing it is to show hospitality to strangers, they would tie up all their dogs, and never allow their children to fling another stone.”

“It is a sin and shame for them to behave so—that it is!” cried good old Baucis vehemently. “And I mean to go this very day and tell some of them what naughty people they are!”

“I fear,” remarked Quicksilver, slyly smiling “that you will find none of them at home.”

The elder traveller’s brow, just then, assumed such a grave, stern, and awful grandeur, yet

serene withal, that neither Baucis nor Philemon dared to speak a word. They gazed reverently into his face, as if they had been gazing at the sky.

"When men do not feel towards the humblest stranger as if he were a brother," said the traveler, in tones so deep that they sounded like those of an organ, "they are unworthy to exist on earth, which was created as the abode of a great human brotherhood !"

"And, by-the-by, my dear old people," cried Quicksilver, with the liveliest look of fun and mischief in his eyes, "where is the same village that you talk about ? On which side of us does it lie ? Methinks I do not see it hereabouts."

Philemon and his wife turned towards the valley, where, at sunset, only the day before, they had seen the meadows, the houses, the gardens, the clumps of trees, the wide, green-margined street, with children playing in it, and all the tokens of business, enjoyment, and prosperity. But what was their astonishment ! There was no longer any appearance of a village ! Even the fertile vale, in the hollow of which it lay, had ceased to have existence. In its stead they beheld the broad blue surface of a lake, which filled the great basin of the valley from brim to brim and reflected

the surrounding hills on its bosom, with as tranquil an image as if it had been there ever since the creation of the world. For an instant the lake remained perfectly smooth. Then a little breeze sprang up, and caused the water to dance, glitter, and sparkle in the early sunbeams, and to dash, with a pleasant rippling murmur, against the hither shore.

The lake seemed so strangely familiar that the old couple were greatly perplexed, and felt as if they could only have been dreaming about a village having lain there. But the next moment they remembered the vanished dwellings, and the faces and characters of the inhabitants far too distinctly for a dream. The village had been there yesterday and, now was gone !

“ Alas ! ” cried these kind-hearted old people, “ what has become of our poor neighbours ? ”

“ They exist no longer as men and women, ” said the elder traveller, in his grand and deep voice, while a roll of thunder seemed to echo it at a distance. “ There was neither use nor beauty in such a life as theirs, for they never softened or sweetened the hard lot of mortality by the exercise of kindly affections between man and man. They retained no image of the better life in their bosoms : therefore the lake, that was of

old, has spread itself forth again to reflect the sky !”

“ And as for those foolish people,” said Quicksilver, with his mischievous smile, “ they are all transformed to fishes. There needed but little change, for they were already a sealy set of rascals, and the coldest, and the coldest-blooded beings in existence. So, kind Mother Baucis, whenever you or your husband have an appetite for a dish of broiled trout, he can throw in a line and pull out half a dozen of your old neighbours !”

“ Ah,” cried Baucis, shuddering, “ I would not, for the world, put one of them on the gridiron !”

“ No,” added Philemon, making a wry face, “ we could never relish them !”

“ As for you, good Philemon,” continued the elder traveller, “ and you, kind Baucis—you, with your scanty means, have mingled so much heartfelt hospitality with your entertainment of the homeless stranger, that the milk became an inexhaustible fount of nectar, and the brown loaf and the honey were ambrosia. Thus, the divinities have feasted, at your board, off the same viands that supply their banquets on Olympus. You have done well, my dear old friends. Wherefore, request whatever favour you have most at heart, and it is granted.”



The strangers bless the good old Philemon and
Baucis—Page 91

Philemon and Baucis looked at one another, and then—I know not which of the two it was who spoke, but that one uttered the desire of both their hearts.

“Let us live together, while we live, and leave the world at the same time, when we die! For we have always loved one another!”

“Be it so!” replied the stranger, with majestic kindness. “Now, look towards your cottage!”

They did so. But what was their surprise on beholding a tall edifice of white marble, with a wide-open portal, occupying the spot where their humble residence had so lately stood!

“There is your home,” said the stranger, beneficently smiling on them both. “Exercise your hospitality in yonder palace, as freely as in the poor hovel to which you welcomed us last evening.”

The old folks fell on their knees to thank him; but, behold! neither he nor Quicksilver was there.

So Philemon and Baucis took up their residence in the marble palace, and spent their time, with vast satisfaction to themselves, in making everybody jolly and comfortable who happened to pass that way. The milk-pitcher, I must not forget to say, retained its marvellous quality of

being never empty when it was desirable to have it full. Whenever an honest, good-humoured, and free-hearted guest took a draught from this pitcher, he invariably found it the sweetest and most invigorating fluid that ever ran down his throat. But if a cross and disagreeable curmudgeon happened to sip, he was pretty certain to twist his visage into a hard knot, and pronounce it a pitcher of sour milk!

Thus the old couple lived in their palace, a great, great while, and grew older and older, and very old indeed. At length, however, there came a summer morning when Philemon and Baucis failed to make their appearance, as on other mornings, with one hospitable smile overspreading both their pleasant faces, to invite the guests of over-night to breakfast. The guests searched everywhere, from top to bottom of the spacious palace, and all to no purpose. But, after a great deal of perplexity, they espied, in front of the portal, two venerable trees which nobody could remember to have seen there the day before. Yet there they stood with their roots fastened deep into the soil, and a huge breadth of foliage overshadowing the whole front of the edifice. One was an oak and the other a linden-tree. Their boughs—it was strange and beautiful to see—

were intertwined together, and embraced one another, so that each tree seemed to live in the other tree's bosom, much more than in its own.

While the guests were marvelling how these trees, that must have required at least a century to grow, could have come to be so tall and venerable in a single night, a breeze sprang up, and set their intermingled boughs astir. And then there was a deep, broad murmur in the air, as if the two mysterious trees were speaking.

"I am old Philemon!" murmured the oak.

"I am old Baucis!" murmured the linden-tree.

But, as the breeze grew stronger, the trees both spoke at once—"Philemon! Baucis! Baucis! Philemon!"—as if one were both, and both were one, and talking together in the depths of their mutual heart. It was plain enough to perceive that the good old couple had renewed their age, and were now to spend a quiet and delightful hundred years or so, Philemon as an oak, and Baucis as a linden-tree. And oh, what a hospitable shade did they fling around them! Whenever a wayfarer paused beneath it, he heard a pleasant whisper of the leaves above his head, and wondered how the sound should so much resemble words like these :

"Welcome, welcome, dear traveller! welcome!"

And some kind soul, that knew what would have pleased old Baucis and old Philemon best, built a circular seat around both their trunks, where, for a great while afterwards, the weary, and the hungry, and the thirsty, used to repose themselves, and quaff milk abundantly out of the miraculous pitcher.

And I wish, for all our sakes, that we have the pitcher here now!

Aids to Study

Study of Words and Phrases

1. Hospitality (n) [*Hospes*—*hospit*-is (a guest or host): Hospit-able (a), hospit-al, hos-, host-el, hot-el].

Loquacious (n) [*Loqu*—or, *locut*-us (to speak): e-loqu-ence, e-locut-ion].

2. (a) Mark the use of the words 'teeth' and 'tooth' in the following sentences:

He carried his point *in the teeth of opposition*. (n. in the face of opposition)

They are *armed to the teeth*. (n. completely armed)

He escaped death by *the skin of his teeth*. (n. narrowly)

He fought *tooth and nail* for woman suffrage. (n. with utmost effort)

He *cast the blame in his teeth*. (n. reproached)

They *set their teeth on edge* in extreme rage. (n. took a threatening attitude)

(b) Illustrate the use of the following words in different contexts:

cow; lodge; answer; stand; mirror; spot; run; take (by storm, at a disadvantage, up with, degree, orders, aback, to task, account of, one's life in one's hand, stock of, back, after, from, off, to, over); figure; muzzle; accord; execute, ride (one down, out, the whirlwind, rough-shod over); play; host; light, see (the light, one's way to something, eye to eye, through); issue, humour, entertain; board.

(c) Use the following expressions in sentences of your own:

to and fro; make fun of; upside down; help oneself to something; to be on the point of something; to no purpose; top to bottom.

(d) (i) Give synonyms of: loquacious, tranquil, celestial, edifice.

(ii) Give antonyms of: bountifully, beneficently.

(e) Frame sentences to distinguish between:

obsequies, obsequious; eminence, imminence; might, mite; draught, drought; proceed, precede; precedent, president; later, latter; accomplish, accomplice.

3. Note the beauty in the use of the italicized expressions:

Trees and hills had *seen their reflected images in the broad and peaceful mirror*. They were not worthy to dwell in a spot on which *Heaven had smiled so beneficently*. There was the little stream *murmuring through the midst of the valley*. A smile beamed over his countenance. The perfume floated around the garden. How their good and simple spirits melted into his! He appeared to discover every little thought that *but peeped into their minds*. The breeze caused the water to dance.

Subject-Matter and Composition

4. (a) The word 'pack' is used for a group of curs, cards, dogs or thieves.

Give other words used for groups of deer, fish, sheep, locusts, flies, stars, robbers.

(b) (i) Explain: "But they were . . . their own selves."

(ii) "What make the matter . . . equally in the beggar and the prince."

(iii) "That is more than . . . over their dwellings again"

(iv) "Not that Philemon . . . in a lifetime."

(v) "There was neither use . . . reflect the sky."

(c) Estimate the character of:

(i) Philemon, (ii) Bancis, and (iii) their neighbours.

(d) Who were the strangers, what purpose had they to serve in Philemon's village, and what miracles did they perform?

(e) Find out three prophetic remarks made by the elder stranger.

(f) What was the end of Philemon, Bancis and their neighbours?

(g) Write a story illustrating 'Charity rewarded.'

Grammar

5. (a) Give (i) Nouns from: frugal, humble, sure, curious, comprehend, suspect, tranquil, provide, delicious, inspire, prove, depart, suspect.

(ii) Verbs from: custom, sympathy, debt, moist.

(iii) Adjectives from: water, human, night, extend, intent.

(b) Correct the following:

From whence did you gather them? '

(c) Parse the words printed below in italics:

One *evening*, in times long *ago*, old Philemon and his old wife Baueis sat at their cottage-door, *enjoying* the calm and beautiful sunset. Nobody could remember *to have seen* there the day *before*. *Methinks* I do not see it *hereabouts*.

(d) Analyse:

(i) "They felt . . . own selves."

(ii) "What made the matter . . . of the village."

(e) Suppose you were Philemon. Report the speech of the elder traveller requesting Philemon to beg some favour of him for his kindness.

Spelling

Note carefully the spelling of the following words:

vine, wine; fears, fierce; fellow, fallow; naughty, nought; pause, paws; ought, aught; bad, bade; obsequious, obsequies; eminence, imminence; might, mite; rays, raise; elock, elock; stodied, steadied; content, contend; curse, course, coarse; drought, draught; taste, test; prove, probe; later, latter; accomplish, accomplice; vanish, banish; marvel, marble; not, knot; shed, shade; sole, shoal, soul.

7. CAIRO TO SUEZ

From EOTHEN BY KINGLAKE ALEXANDER WILLIAM

[*Kinglake Alexander William* (1809—91) was born



at Wilton House near Taunton. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge and was called to the Bar in 1837, where he made a fair practice; but retired in 1856 to devote himself to literature and politics. A tour about 1835 led to the

publication of *Eothen* in 1844, one of the most brilliant and popular books of Eastern travel. He made his mark by the publication of this book. His '*History of the War in Crimea*,' one of the finest historical works of the century appeared in 1863, and it at once established his reputation as a brilliant historian.]

The "dromedary" of Egypt and Syria is not the two-humped animal described by that name in books of natural history, but is in fact of the same family as the camel, standing towards his more clumsy fellow-slave in about the same relation as a racer to a cart-horse. The fleetness and endurance of this creature are extraordinary. It is not usual to force him into a gallop, and I fancy, from his make, that it would be quite impossible for him to maintain that pace for any length of time; but the

animal is on so large a scale, that the jog-trot at which he is generally ridden implies a progress of perhaps ten or twelve miles an hour, and this pace, it is said, he can keep up incessantly, without food or water or rest, for three whole days and nights.

Of the two dromedaries which I had obtained for this journey, I mounted one myself and put Dthemetri on the other. My plan was to ride on with Dthemetri to Snez as rapidly as the fleetness of the beasts would allow, and to let Mysseri (then still remaining weak from the effects of his late illness) come quietly on with the camels and baggage.

The trot of the dromedary is a pace terribly disagreeable to the rider, until he becomes a little accustomed to it ; but after the first half-hour I so far schooled myself to this new exercise that I felt capable of keeping it up (though not without aching limbs) for several hours together. Now, therefore, I was anxious to dart forward and annihilate at once the whole space that divided me from the Red Sea. Dthemetri, however, could not get on at all : every attempt at trotting seemed to threaten the utter dislocation of his whole frame ; and indeed I doubt whether any one of Dthemetri's age (nearly forty, I think), and unaccustomed to such

exercise, could have borne it at all easily. Besides, the dromedary which fell to his lot was evidently a very bad one; he every now and then came to a dead stop, and coolly knelt down, as though suggesting that the rider had better get off at once, and abandon the experiment as one that was utterly hopeless.

When for the third or fourth time I saw Dthemetri thus planted, I lost my patience and went on without him. For about two hours, I think, I advanced without once looking behind me. I then paused, and cast my eyes back to the western horizon. There was no sign of Dthemetri, nor of any other living creature. This I expected, for I knew that I must have far out-distanced all my followers. I had ridden away from my party merely by way of humouring my impatience, and with the intention of stopping as soon as I felt tired, until I was overtaken. I now observed, however (this I had not been able to do whilst advancing so rapidly), that the track which I had been following was seemingly the track of only one or two camels. I did not fear that I had diverged very largely from the true route, but still I could not feel any reasonable certainty that my party would follow any line of march within sight of me.

I had to consider, therefore, whether I should remain where I was upon the chance of seeing my people come up, or whether I should push on alone, and find my own way to Suez. I had now learned that I could not rely upon the continued guidance of any track, but I knew that (if maps were right) the point for which I was bound bore just due east of Cairo, and I thought that, although I might miss the line leading most directly to Suez, I could not well fail to find my way sooner or later to the Red Sea. The worst of it was that I had no provision of food or water with me, and already I was beginning to feel thirst. I deliberated for a minute, and then determined that I would abandon all hope of seeing my party again in the Desert, and would push forward as rapidly as possible towards Suez.

It was not without a sensation of awe that I swept with my sight the vacant round of the horizon, and remembered that I was all alone and unprovisioned in the midst of the arid waste; but this very awe gave tone and zest to the exultation with which I felt myself launched. Hitherto in all my wanderings I had been under the care of other people—sailors, Tatars, guides, and dragomen had watched over my welfare; but now, at last, I was here in this African desert, and I *myself*,

and no other, had charge of my life. I liked the office well: I had the greatest part of the day before me, a very fair dromedary, fur pelisse, and a brace of pistols, but no bread, and worst of all, no water; for that I must ride,—and ride I did.

For several hours I urged forward my beast at a rapid though steady pace, but at length the pangs of thirst began to torment me. I did not relax my pace, however; and I had not suffered long, when a moving object appeared in the distance before me. The intervening space was soon traversed, and I found myself approaching a Bedouin Arab, mounted on a camel, attended by another Bedouin on foot. They stopped. I saw that there hung from the pack-saddle of the camel one of the large skin water-flasks commonly carried in the Desert, and it seemed to be well filled. I steered my dromedary close up alongside of the mounted Bedouin, caused my beast to kneel down, then alighted, and keeping the end of the halter in my hand, went up to the mounted Bedouin without speaking, took hold of his water-flask, opened it, and drank long and deep from its leathern lips. Both of the Bedouins stood fast in amazement and mute horror; and really if they had never happened to see a European before, the apparition was

enough to startle them. To see for the first time a coat and a waistcoat with the semblance of a white human face at the top, and for this ghastly figure to come swiftly out of the horizon, upon a fleet dromedary—approach them silently, and with a demoniacal smile, and drink a deep draught from their water-flask—this was enough to make the Bedouins stare a little; they, in fact, stared a great deal—not as Europeans stare with a restless and puzzled expression of countenance, but with features all fixed and rigid, and with still glassy eyes. Before they had time to get decomposed from their state of petrification, I had remounted my dromedary, and was darting away towards the east.

Without pause or remission of pace, I continued to press forward; but after a while, I found to my confusion that the slight track which had hitherto guided me now failed altogether. I began to fear that I must have been all along following the course of some wandering Bedouins, and I felt that if this were the case, my fate was a little uncertain.

I had no compass with me, but I determined upon the eastern point of the horizon as accurately as I could by reference to the sun, and so laid down for myself a way over the pathless sands.

But now my poor dromedary, by whose life and strength I held my own, she began to show signs of distress; a thick, clammy, and glutinous kind of foam gather about her lips, and piteous sobs burst from her bosom in the tones of human misery. I doubted for a moment whether I would give her a little rest or relaxation of pace, but I decided that I would not, and continued to push forward as steadily as before.

The character of the country became changed; I had ridden away from the level tracts, and before me now, and on either side, there were vast hills of sand and calcined rocks that interrupted my progress and baffled my doubtful road, but I did my best. With rapid steps I swept round the base of the hills, threaded the winding hollows, and at last, as I rose in my swift course to the crest of a lofty ridge, *Thalatta! Thalatta!* the sea—the sea was before me!

It has been given me to know the true pith, and to feel the power of ancient, pagan creeds, and so (distinctly from all mere admiration of the beauty belonging to Nature's work) I acknowledge a sense of mystical reverence when first I approach some illustrious feature of the globe—some coastline of ocean—some mighty river or dreary mountain-range, the ancient barrier of kingdoms.

But the Red Sea! It might well claim my earnest gaze by force of the great Jewish migration which connects it with the history of our own religion. From this very ridge, it is likely enough, the panting Israelites first saw that shining inlet of the sea. Ay! ay! but moreover, and best of all, that beckoning sea assured my eyes, and proved how well I had marked out the east for my path, and gave me good promise that sooner or later the time would come for me to drink of water cool and plenteous, and then lie down and rest. It was distant, the sea, but I felt my own strength, and I had heard of the strength of dromedaries. I pushed forward as eagerly as though I had spoiled the Egyptians, and were flying from Pharaoh's police.

I had not yet been able to see any mark of distant Suez, but after a while I descried far away in the east a large, blank, isolated building. I made toward this, and in time got down to it. The building was a fort, and had been built there for protection of a well contained within its precincts. A cluster of small huts adhered to the fort and in a short time I was receiving the hospitality of the inhabitants, a score or so of people who sat grouped upon the sands near their hamlet. To quench the fires of my throat with about a gallon of muddy

water, and to swallow a little of the food placed before me, was the work of a few minutes; and before the astonishment of my hosts had even begun to subside, I was pursuing my onward journey. Suez, I found, was still three hours' distant, and the sun going down in the west warned me that I must find some other guide to keep me straight. This guide I found in the most fickle and uncertain of the elements. For some hours the wind had been freshening, and it now blew a violent gale; it blew—not fitfully and in squalls, but with such steadiness that I felt convinced it would blow from the same quarter for several hours; so when the sun set, I carefully looked for the point whence the wind came, and found that it blew from the very west—blew exactly in the direction of my route. I had nothing to do, therefore, but to go straight to leeward, and this I found easy enough, for the gale was blowing so hard that, if I diverged at all from my course, I instantly felt the pressure of the blast on the side towards which I had deviated. Very soon after sunset there came on complete darkness, but the strong wind guided me well, and sped me too on my way.

I had pushed on for about, I think, a couple of hours after nightfall, when I saw the glimmer of a

light in the distance, and this I ventured to hope must be Suez. Upon approaching it, however, I found that it was only a solitary fort, and this I passed by without stopping.

On I went, still riding down the wind, but at last an unlucky misfortune befell me—a misfortune so absurd that, if you like, you shall have your laugh against me. I have told you already what sort of lodging it is that you have upon the back of a camel. You ride the dromedary in the same fashion; you are perched rather than seated on a bunch of carpets or quilts upon the summit of the hump. It happened that my dromedary veered rather suddenly from her onward course. Meeting the movement, I mechanically turned my left wrist as though I were holding a bridle-rein, for the complete darkness prevented my eyes from reminding me that I had nothing but a halter in my hand. The expected resistance failed, for the halter was hanging upon that side of the dromedary's neck towards which I was slightly leaning; I toppled over, head-foremost, and then went falling through air till my crown came whang against the ground. And the ground too was perfectly hard (compacted sand), but my thickly wadded head-gear (this I wore for protection against the sun) now stood me in good part and saved my life.

The notion of my being able to get up again after falling head-foremost from such an immense height, seemed to me at first too paradoxical to be acted upon. but I soon found that I was not a bit hurt. My dromedary had utterly vanished; I looked round me, and saw the glimmer of a light in the fort which I had lately passed, and I began to work my way back in that direction. The violence of the gale made it hard for me to force my way towards the west, but I succeeded at last in regaining the fort. To this, as to the other fort which I had passed, there was attached a cluster of huts. and I soon found myself surrounded by a group of villainous, gloomy-looking fellows. It was sorry work for me to swagger and look big at a time when I felt so particularly small on account of my tumble and my lost dromedary, but there was no help for it; I had no Dthemetri, now to "strike terror" for me. I knew hardly one word of Arabic, but somehow or other I contrived to announce it as my absolute will and pleasure that these fellows should find me the means of gaining Suez. They acceded; and having a donkey, they saddled it for me, and appointed one of their number to attend me on foot.

I afterwards found that these fellows were not Arabs, but Algerine refugees, and that they

bore the character of being sad scoundrels. They justified this imputation to some extent on the following day. They allowed Mysseri with my baggage and the camels to pass unmolested, but an Arab lad belonging to the party happened to lag a little way in the rear, and him (if they were not maligned) these rascals stripped and robbed. Low indeed is the state of bandit morality, when men will allow the sleek traveller with well-laden camels to pass in quiet, reserving their spirit of enterprise for the tattered turban of a miserable boy.

I reached Suez at last. The British agent, though roused from his midnight sleep, received me in his home with the utmost kindness and hospitality. Heaven! how delightful it was to lie on fair sheets, and to dally with sleep, and to wake, and to sleep, and to wake once more, for the sake of sleeping again!

Aids to Study

Study of Words and Phrases

1. (a) Describe (v) [De—*Scrib*-o, *script*-um (to write): Describe (v), de-script-ion (n), de-script-ive (a), script, scribe, scribble, post-script, in-script-ion, manu-script].

(b) Endurance (n) [En-*dur*-o, *durat*-um (to last): en-dure (v), en-dur-ance (n), during, dur-ation, dur-able].

2. (a) Mark the use of the word 'fancy' in the following sentences :

Can you *fancy* the consequences of the evil deeds in this life. (v. imagine)

It is a mere *fancy* to suppose that you will never recover. (n. whim)

The Collector *took a fancy* to my brother and gave him special promotions. (v. was inclined)

This cap has caught my *fancy*. (n. inclination)

His *fancy* played round the fairy-land for hours together. (n. imagination)

There will be a *fancy-ball* to-night at the Mall. (a. showy dance)

He has put a *fancy* price on this article. (a. unreasonably high)

Are you going to visit the *fancy-fair* this evening? (a. hazar or where fancy goods are sold)

He indulges in *fancies*. (n. whimsical ideas)

His ideas are *fanciful*. (a. whimsical)

(b) Illustrate the use of the following words in different contexts :

scale; advance; cast (as a noun and as a verb followed by off, down, up); minute; push; sweep; round; launch; charge; stare; countenance; base; promise; score; subside; lodge; sort; fashion; strike; rear.

(c) Use the following expressions in different contexts :
hold one's own; do one's best; stand in good part; work one's way; force one's way; look big.

(d) Frame sentences to distinguish between :
gluttonous, glutinous; pistols, pistoles.

3. Note the beauty in the use of the italicized expressions :
They stood fast in amazement and *mute horror*. With rigid steps I swept round the base of the hills, and *threaded the winding hollows*.

Subject-Matter and Composition

4. (a) Explain :

- (i) "It is not usual . . . whole days and nights."
- (ii) "Dihemetri, however, could not . . . was utterly hopeless."
- (iii) "It was not without . . . myself launched"
- (iv) "Both of the Bedouins . . . towards the east."
- (v) "But now my poor . . . as steadily as before."
- (vi) "Low indeed . . . a miserable boy."

(b) Describe Kinglake's journey from Cairo to Suez.

(c) Write an interesting, real or imaginary, description of any long journey that you may have undertaken through rural area.

Grammar

5. (a) Use 'about' in different parts of speech

(b) Give (i) Nouns from : maintain, observe, consider, rely, adhere, deliberate, determine, remember.

(ii) Adjective from : awe.

(iii) Verbs from : remission, reverence.

(c) Parse the words printed below in italics :

The camel stands *in* about the *same* relation. He coolly knelt down, *as* though *suggesting* that the rider had *better* get off at once, and *abandon* the experiment *as one that* was utterly hopeless. I continued to *push* forward *as* quickly *as* before.

(d) Analyse :

- (i) The dromedary of Egypt . . . racer to a cart-horse.
- (ii) It is not usual . . . whole days and nights.
- (iii) Besides, the dromedary . . . utterly hopeless.

Spelling

6. Note carefully the spelling of the following words :

due, dew ; countenance ; Bedouin ; glutinous ; straight, strait.

8. RALEIGH'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH QUEEN ELIZABETH

From "KENNILWORTH" BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

[Sir Walter Scott (1771—1832), the famous novelist



and poet, was born in Edinburgh. Although he was an uncommonly healthy child, still on account of some teething complications he lost the power of right leg when he was eighteen months old. Though he recovered considerably, still he was bound to go lame for the rest of his life. At the High School,

where he was sent for education, he did not distinguish himself and, as he himself tells us, 'he made a brighter figure in the yards-(play ground) than in the class.' His popularity at school was due to the wonderful tales with which he was able to enthral his youthful hearers. He was a genius and his appetite for reading could never be satisfied; and as he says probably no boy of his age had read so much. His reading was confined to legends and romances, for from the first he was keenly interested in everything of a romantic nature. At the age of fourteen, he entered his father's office and at twenty-one he was qualified as an advocate; but he was not gifted with the powers of oratory to make his mark in the profession. His literary career commenced from the twenty-fifth year. Some of his important works are, "Kennilworth," "Waverley," "The Lay of the Last

Minstrel," "*The Lady of the Lake*," "*Quentin Durward*," etc. His house, Ashford, like the residence of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon, is a literary shrine to which grateful readers from all parts of the world go to do reverence.]

The gates of the place opened, and ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of gentlemen pensioners. After this, amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth herself, then in the prime of womanhood, and in the full glow of what in a sovereign was called beauty, and who would in the lowest rank of life have been truly judged a noble figure, joined to a striking and commanding physiognomy. She leant on the arm of Lord Hunsdon, whose relation to her by her mother's side often procured him such distinguished marks of Elizabeth's intimacy.

The young cavalier* we have so often mentioned had *probably* never yet approached so near the person of his sovereign; and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. His companion,† on the contrary, kept pulling

* Sir Walter Raleigh.

† Blount, afterwards Lord Mountjoy.

him backwards, till Walter shook him off impatiently, letting his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder; a natural action, which served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person. Unbonneting at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the queen's approach, with a mixture of respectful curiosity and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features, that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the queen was to pass somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators. Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye,—an eye never indifferent to the admiration which she deservedly excited among her subjects, or to the fair proportions of external form which chanced to distinguish any of her courtiers. Accordingly she fixed her keen glance on the youth as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmingled with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention towards him yet more strongly. The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentleman stood, a small quantity of mud interrupted the queen's passage. As she hesitated

to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to ensure her stepping over it dryshod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence, and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The queen was confused, and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

"Come along, Sir Coxcomb," said Blount; "your gay cloak will need the brush to-day, I wot. Nay, if you had meant to make a foot-cloth of your mantle, better have kept Tracy's old *drap-de-bure*, which despises all colours."

"This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession."

"And that will not be long, if you learn not a little more economy—we shall have you in *cuervo* soon, as the Spaniard says."

Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the band of pensioners.

"I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively, "to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one. You, sir, I think," addressing

the young cavalier, "are the man; you will please to follow me."

"He is in attendance on me," said Blount: "on me, the noble Earl of Sussex's master of horse."

"I have nothing to say to that," answered the messenger; "my orders are directly from her Majesty, and concern this gentleman only."

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind, Blount's eyes almost starting from his head with the excess of his astonishment. At length he gave vent to it in an exclamation. "Who would have thought this!" And shaking his head with a mysterious air, he walked to his own boat, embarked, and returned to Deptford.

The young cavalier was in the meanwhile guided to the waterside by the pensioner, who showed him considerable respect; a circumstance which, to persons in his situation, may be considered as an augury of no small consequence. He ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the queen's barge which was already proceeding up the river with the advantage of the flood-tide. The two rowers used their oars with such expedition at the signal of the gentleman pensioner, that they very soon brought their little

skiff under the stern of the queen's boat, where she sat beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies and the nobles of her household. She looked more than once at the wherry in which the young adventurer was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh. At length one of the attendants, by the queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the queen's barge, which he performed with graceful agility at the fore-part of the boat, and was brought aft to the queen's presence, the wherry at the same time dropping into the rear. The youth underwent the gaze of majesty, not the less gracefully that his self-possession was mingled with embarrassment. The muddled cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with which the queen introduced the conversation.

"You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our service, young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual, and something bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liegeman's duty to be bold."

"That was well said, my lord," said the queen, turning to a grave person who sat by her, and

answered with a grave inclination of the head, and something of a mumbled assent. "Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe-keeper, and he shall have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut. I promise thee, and that on the word of a princess."

"May it please your Grace," said Walter, hesitating, "it is not for so humble a servant of your Majesty to measure out your bounties, but if it became me to choose—" "Thou would'st have gold. I warrant me," said the queen, interrupting him; "he, young man, I take shame to say, that in our capital such and so various are the means of thriftless folly, that to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means of self-destruction. If I live and reign, these means of unchristian excess shall be abridged. Yet thou mayest be poor," she added, "or thy parents may be. It shall be gold if thou wilt, but thou shalt answer to me for the use on't."

Walter waited patiently until the queen had done, and then modestly assured her that gold was still less his wish than the raiment her Majesty had before offered. "How, boy," said the queen, "neither gold nor garment? What is it thou would'st have of me, then?"

"Only permission, madam, if it is not asking too high an honour—permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy!" said the queen.

"It is no longer mine," said Walter; "when your Majesty's foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."

The queen again blushed, and endeavoured to cover, by laughing, a slight degree of not unpleasing surprise and confusion.

Aids to Study

Study of Words and Phrases

1. (a) Permit (v) [*Per* (through)—*mitt-o*, *miss-um* (to send): per-mit (v), per-miss-ion (n), per-miss-ible, ad-mit, ad-miss-ion, ad-miss-ible, miss-ion, miss-ionary, pro-mise, pro-miss-ory, miss-ile, pre-mise].

(b) Spectator (n) [*Spec-io*, *spect-um* (to see): spect-acle, in-spect, in-spect-or, a-spect, spec-imeu].

2. (a) Mark the use of the word 'issue,' in the following sentences:

My brother has many children, but I have no *issue*.
(n. offspring)

Let us stop the *issue* of blood at once otherwise he will die. (n. outflow)

These points are not in *issue*. (n. in question)

The *issues* have been framed in this case. (n. points in question)

Let me join *issue* with him on this point. (n. oppose)

There are two *issues* of the *Leader* in a day. (n. two numbers)

I have *issued* twenty passes. (v. distributed)

The soldiers *issued forth* from the fort. (v. came out)

Water *issued from* the rock. (v. flowed)

(b) Illustrate the use of the following in different contexts :

array, dispose, figure, strike, suffer, shoulder, embark, air, augury.

(c) Use the following expressions in sentences of your own :

on the contrary, give vent to.

3. Note the figure of speech in the following sentence and explain it fully :

In our capital such and so are the means of thriftless folly, that to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire.

Subject-Matter and Composition

4. (a) Explain :

(i) "The gates of the palace . . . commanding physiognomy."

(ii) "Thus the adventurous youth . . . yet more strongly."

(b) Estimate the character of :

(i) Raleigh, and (ii) the Queen from the above lesson.

(c) Write any other story demonstrating 'Courtesy.'

Grammar

5. (a) Give (i) Adjectives from: avail, opportunity, admire.

(ii) Verbs from: companion, excess, expedition, destruction.

9. SIR ROGER DE COVERLY AT THE ASSIZES

From "THE SPECTATOR" BY JOSEPH ADDISON



[Joseph Addison (1672—1719), an eminent English essayist, son of Rev. Lancelot Addison, afterwards Dean of Lichfield, was born at Milston in Wiltshire. He was educated along with Steele at the Charterhouse, and later at Oxford, where he distinguished himself. His verses in praise of King William and Marlborough won for him a scholarship. Addison and Steele set themselves to entertain and instruct their countrymen by writing on all sorts of subjects and printing their essays in periodicals—'The Tatler,' in the beginning and then 'The Spectator.' They are full of wisdom, wit and shrewd observation. These periodicals were, so to say, the pulpits, from which Addison and Steele addressed a vast congregation. As he was dying of dropsy and asthma at Holland House, he said to his step-son, "See how a Christian can die." He was gifted with great conversational powers. The best that can be said of his style is to quote the following dictum of Johnson—"Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentations, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."]]

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend, Sir Roger, is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good-will which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the country assizes. As we were upon the road, Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend, Sir Roger, acquainted me with their characters.

The first of them, says he, that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about an hundred pounds a-year, an honest man. He is just within the Game Act, and qualified to kill an hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a-week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges. In short, he is a very sensible man; shoots flying; and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking the law of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter-sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments. He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, that he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution; his father left him fourscore pounds a-year; but he has cast and been cast so often that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the Willow-Tree.

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had been giving his fellow-traveller an account of his angling one day in such a hole, when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. Such-a-one, if he pleased, might take the law of him for fishing in that part of the river. My friend, Sir Roger, heard them both upon a round trot; and, after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that "Much might be said on both sides." They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it. Upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The Court was sat before Sir Roger came; but, notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear, "That he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his

circuit." I was listening to the proceeding of the Court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws, when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend, Sir Roger, was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, until I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the Court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger was up. The speech he made was so little to the purpose that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the Court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the Court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family; and, to do honour to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that the knight's head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honour for any man under a duke; but told him, at the same time, that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter, by the knight's directions, to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and, by a little aggravation of the features, to change it into the "Saracen's Head." I should not

have known this story had not the innkeeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing, that his honour's head was brought back last night, with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but, upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, "That much might be said on both sides."

Aids to Study

Study of Words and Phrases

1. (a) *Approbation* (n) [Ap—*prob-o*, *probat-um* (to try or test): ap-prob-ate (v), ap-prob-ation (n), proof, prove, ap-prove, ap-prov-al, dis-ap-pro-val, re-prove].

(b) Verdict (n) [*Ver-dict*-um, *dict*-o (to say) : *dict*-um, *ver-dict*, *pre-dict*, *contra-dict*, *dict*-ation, *in-dict*, *dict*-ion].

2. (a) Mark the use of the word 'figure' in the following sentences :

These goods are sold at a low or high *figure*. (n. price)

My friend has a well-shaped *figure*. (n. body)

Timur is a terrible *figure* in the history of India. (n. character)

Mr. Gokhale was an all-India *figure*. (n. a personage known throughout India)

My income is at a low *figure* these days. (n. amount)

Coins generally bear the *figure* of the ruler of the country. (n. image)

Draw geometrical *figures* nicely. (n. diagrams)

My brother cut a brilliant or sorry *figure* at the examination. (n. brilliant or poor show)

His income has reached five *figures*. (n. amounted, that is, 10,000)

Mir Jafar was a mere *figure-head*. (n. nominal) ; it was the East India Company that wielded the real power.

Have you read the *figures* of speech in English? (n. expressions with abnormal meaning)

The Indians *figured* well in the Great War. (v. played important part)

He *figured* as a beggar in the drama. (v. played the part of)

(b) Illustrate the use of the following words in different contexts :

esteem, weather, acquit, credit.

(c) Use the following expressions in sentences of your own :

go to law ; stop short ; stop dead ; make the best of something ; make room.

(d) Distinguish between :

censor, censor, censure; sensible, sensuous; prosecute, per-ecute; compliment, complement.

Subject-Matter and Composition

3. (a) Explain :

(i) "A man's first care that know him."

(ii) "My worthy friend. his neighbourhood."

(iii) "I was listening. great intrepidity."

(iv) "I could not both sides."

(b) Estimate the character of :

(i) Sir Roger, (ii) Tom Touchy.

(c) Write stories of your own, giving accounts of character-like Sir Roger and Tom Touchy.

Grammar

1. (a) Give: (i) Verbs from: applause, public, dinner.

(ii) Nouns from: sure, acquaint, enclose.

(iii) Adjective from: impudence.

(b) Parse the words printed in italics below:

He would *needs* carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the country assizes. He *knocks down* a dinner with his gun twice or *thrice a-week*, and by *that* means lives *cheaper than* those who have not so good an estate *as himself*. He is not now *worth* thirty.

(c) Analyse:

(i) "The Court was sat in his circuit."

(ii) "Will, it seems, that part of the river."

(iii) "I could not a distant resemblance of my old friend."

Spelling

5. Note carefully the spelling of the following words:

censor, censor, censure; behaviour; warrant; esteem, steam; benevolence; rogue; plague.

10. RIP'S HELPLESS CONDITION

From "SKETCH BOOK" BY WASHINGTON-IRVING

[For his life and works consult Lesson 4, page 42.]

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson, must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalaehian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, *every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day*, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of grey vapours about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will grow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam

among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbour, and an obedient, henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which

gained him such universal popularity ; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing ; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favourite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles ; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity ; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighbourhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labour. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder, for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbour even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get

among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighbourhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt, at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away, in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness,

and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honourable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the enduring and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of

a broomstick or ladle. he would fly yelping to the door.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade, on a long, lazy summer's day, talk listlessly over village gossip, or tell endless, sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands, from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junta were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree ; so that the neighbours could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sundial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs ; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapour curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught ; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of

this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative to escape from the labour of the farm and the clamour of his wife, was to take gun in hand, and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

Aids to Study

Study of Words and Phrases

1. (a) Amiable (a) [*Am-o*, *amat-um* (to love); *amicus* (friend): *amic-able*, *am-iable*, *am-ity*, *amat-ory*, *amat-eur*.]

(b) Aversion (n) [*a-vert-o vers-um* (to turn): *a-vert* (v), *a-vers-e* (a), *a-vers-ion* (n), *ad-vert*, *ad-vers-e*, *con-vert*, *con-vers-e*, *con-vers-ion*, *re-vert*, *re-vers-e*, *di-vers-e*, *ad-vert-ise*.]

2. (a) Illustrate the use of the following words in different contexts:

season, weather, talk (over, away), tall (big) talk.

(b) Use the following expressions in sentences of your own :

lord it over ; with impunity.

3. (a) Explain the figure of speech in the following :

Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a certain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering.

(b) Explain the beauty in the use of the following italicized expressions :—

They are seen away to the west, *swelling up to a noble height*, and *lording it over the surrounding country*. At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the *light smoke curling up from a cillage*, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees just where the *blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape*.

Subject-Matter and Composition

1. (a) Explain :

(i) "When the weather is fair a crown of glory."

(ii) "At the foot nearer landscape."

(iii) "Indeed, to the latter thrice blessed."

(iv) "The great error nibble."

(v) "Rip Van Winkle a hen-pecked husband."

(vi) "Rip's sole domestic to the door."

(vii) "Times grew worse constant use."

(viii) "From even this habits of idleness."

(b) Estimate the character of Rip Van Winkle.

(c) What sort of dog was Wolf ?

(d) Write your opinion of Dame Van Winkle.

(e) Write any other story of a termagant wife, real or imaginary.

(f) Comment upon the statement :

"A termagant wife thrice blessed."

(g) Write an essay on "An Ideal Home."

(h) Explain :

(i) Torrent of household eloquence.

(ii) Gallows air.

(iii) A sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with use.

Grammar

5. (a) Give (i) Nouns from : provoke ; adherent.

(ii) Verb from : error.

(iii) Adjectives from : assiduity ; labour ; clamour.

(b) Parse the words printed in italics below :

In one of these *very* houses (which, *to tell* the precise truth was sadly time-worn and *weather-beaten*), there lived many *years since*, a simple *good-natured fellow*. A certain lecture is *worth* all the sermons. He *as usual* with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles.

(c) Analyse :

"His fences . . . in the neighbourhood."

Spelling

6. Note carefully the spelling of the following words :

height ; barometer ; shingle, single ; antiquity ; martial, marshal ; assiduity ; aversion ; neighbour ; fain, feign.

11. STORY OF THE CAMEL-DRIVER

From "THE PASHA OF MANY TALES," BY FREDERICK
MARRYAT

[*Marryat, Frederick* (1792—1848) was born in London. He was a naval officer, who gradually won fame as a writer of stories. Some of his well-known works are 'Midshipman Easy,' 'Masterman Ready.']



That your highness should wish for an explanation of the very doubtful language which you overheard last night, I am not surprised; but I trust you will acknowledge, when I have finished my narrative, that I was fully justified in the expressions which I made use of. I am by birth (as my dress denotes) a fellah of this country, but I was not always so poor as I am now. My father was the possessor of many camels, which he let out for hire to the merchants of the different caravans which annually leave this city. When he died, I came into possession of his property, and the goodwill of those he most faithfully served. The consequence was that I had full employ; my camels were always engaged; and as I invariably

accompanied them that they might not be ill-treated. I have several times been to Mecca, as this ragged green turban will testify. My life was one of alternate difficulty and enjoyment. I returned to my wife and children with delight after my journeys of suffering and privation, and fully appreciated the value of my home from the short time that my occupation would permit me to remain there. I worked hard and became rich.

It was during a painful march through the desert with one of the caravans that a favourite she-camel foaled. At first it was my intention to leave the young one to its fate, as my camels had already suffered much; but on examination the creature showed such strength and symmetry that I resolved to bring it up. I therefore divided half of one of the loads among the other camels, and tied the foal upon the one which I partly relieved for the purpose. We arrived safely at Cairo; and as the little animal grew up I had more than ever reason to be satisfied that I had saved its life. All good judges considered it a prodigy of beauty and strength, and prophesied that it would some day be selected as the holy camel to carry the Koran in the pilgrimage to Mecca. And so did it happen about five years afterwards, during which interval I accompanied

the caravans as before ; and each year added to my wealth.

My camel had by this time arrived to his full perfection : he stood nearly three feet higher than any other ; and, when the caravan was preparing, I led him to the sheikhs, and offered him as a candidate for the honour. They would have accepted him immediately, had it not been for a maribout, who, for some reason or another, desired them not to employ him, asserting that the caravan would be unlucky if my camel was the hearer of the holy Koran.

As this man was considered to be a prophet, the sheikhs were afraid, and would not give a decided answer. Irritated at the maribout's interference, I reviled him ; he raised a hue and cry against me, and being joined by the populace, I was nearly killed. As I hastened away, the wretch threw some sand after me, crying out, ' Thus shall the caravan perish from the judgment of Heaven, if that cursed camel is permitted to carry the holy word of the Prophet.' The consequence was that an inferior camel was selected, and I was disappointed. But on the ensuing year the maribout was not at Cairo ; and as there was no animal equal to mine in beauty, it was chosen by the sheikhs without a dissentient voice.

I hastened home to my wife, overjoyed at my good fortune, which I hoped would bring a blessing upon my house. She was equally delighted, and my beautiful camel seemed also to be aware of the honour to which he was destined, as he repaid our caresses, curving and twisting his long neck, and laying his head upon our shoulders.

The caravan assembled; it was one of the largest which for many years had quitted Cairo, amounting in all to eighteen thousand camels. You may imagine my pride when, as the procession passed through the streets, I pointed out to my wife the splendid animal, with his bridle studded with jewels and gold, led by the holy sheikhs in their green robes, carrying on his back the chest which contained the law of our Prophet, looking proudly on each side of him as he walked along accompanied by bands of music and the loud chorus of the singing men and women.

As on the ensuing day the caravan was to form outside of the town, I returned home to my family that I might have the last of their company, having left my other camels, who were hired by the pilgrims, in charge of an assistant who accompanied me in my journeys. The next morning I bade adieu to my wife and children, and was quitting the house, when my youngest

child, who was about two years old, called to me and begged me to return one moment and give her a farewell caress. As I lifted her in my arms, she, as usual, put her hand into the pocket of my loose jacket to search, as I thought, for the fruit that I usually brought home for her when I returned from the hazar, but there was none there; and having replaced her in the arms of her mother, I hastened away that I might not be too late at my post. Your highness is aware that we do not march one following another as most caravans do, but in one straight line abreast. The necessary arrangement occupies the whole day previous to the commencement of our journey, which takes place immediately after the sun goes down. We set off that evening, and after a march of two nights arrived at Adjeroid, where we remained three days to procure our supplies of water from Suez, and to refresh the animals previous to our forced march over the desert of El Tyh.

The last day of our repose, as I was smoking my pipe with my camels kneeling down around me, I perceived a herie coming from the direction of Cairo, at a very swift pace. It passed me by like a flash of lightning, but still I had sufficient time to recognize in its rider the maribout who had prophesied evil if my camel was employed to

carry the Koran on the pilgrimage of the year before.

The maribout stopped his dromedary at the tent of the emir Hadjy, who commanded the caravan. Anxious to know the reason of his following us, which I had a foreboding was connected with my camel, I hastened to the spot. I found him haranguing the emir and the people who surrounded him, denouncing woe and death to the whole caravan if my camel was not immediately destroyed and another selected in his stead. Having for some time declaimed in such an energetic manner as to spread consternation throughout the camp, he turned his dromedary again to the west, and in a few minutes was out of sight.

The emir was confused; murmurings and consultations were arising among the crowd. I was afraid that they would listen to the suggestions of the maribout; and, alarmed for my camel and the loss of the honour conferred upon him, I was guilty of a lie.

'O emir!' said I, 'listen not to that man, who is mine enemy! he came to my house, he ate of my bread, and would have been guilty of the basest ingratitude by insulting the mother of my children; I drove him from my door, and thus

would he revenge himself. So may it fare with me, and with the caravan, as I speak the truth.'

I was believed: the injunctions of the maribout were disregarded, and that night we proceeded on our march through the plains of El Tyh.

As your highness has never yet made a pilgrimage, you can have no conception of the country which we had to pass through; it was one vast region of sand, where the tracks of those who pass over it are obliterated by the wind—a vast sea without water—an expanse of desolation. We plunged into the desert: and as the enormous collection of animals, extending as far as the eye could reach, held their noiseless way, it seemed as if it were the passing by of shadows.

We met with no accident, notwithstanding the prophecies of the maribout; and after a fatiguing march of seven nights, arrived safely at Nakhel, where we replenished our exhausted water-skins. Those whom I knew joked with me when we met at the wells, at the false prophecies of my enemy. We had now three days of severe fatigue to encounter before we arrived at the castle of Akaba, and we recommenced our painful journey.

It was on the morning of the second day, about an hour after we had pitched our tents, that

the fatal prophecy of the maribout, and the judgment of Allah upon me for the lie which I had called on him to witness, was fulfilled.

A dark cloud appeared upon the horizon ; it gradually increased, changing to a bright yellow, and then rose and rose until it had covered one-half of the firmament, when it suddenly burst upon us in a hurricane which carried everything before it, cutting off mountains of sand at the base, and hurling them upon our devoted heads. The splendid tent of the emir, which first submitted to the blast, passed close to me, flying along with the velocity of the herie, while every other was either levelled to the ground or carried up into the air, and whirled about in mad gyration.

Moving pillars of sand passed over us, overthrowing and suffocating man and beast ; the camels thrust their muzzles into the ground, and, profiting by their instinct, we did the same, awaiting our fate in silence and trepidation. But the simoom had not yet poured upon us all its horrors ; in a few minutes nothing was to be distinguished—all was darkness, horrible darkness, rendered more horrible by the ravings of dying men, the screams of women, and the mad career of horses and other animals, which, breaking their cords, trod down thousands in their endeavours

to escape from the overwhelming fury of the desert storm.

I had laid myself down by one of my camels, and thrusting my head under his side, awaited my death with all the horror of one who thought that the wrath of Heaven was justly poured upon him. For an hour I remained in that position, and surely there can be no pains in hell greater than those which I suffered during that space of time. The burning sand forced itself into my garments, the pores of my skin were closed, I hardly ventured to breathe the hot blast which was offered as the only means of protracted existence. At last I fetched my respiration with greater freedom, and no more heard the howling of the blast. Gradually I lifted my head, but my eyes had lost their power, I could distinguish nothing but a yellow glare. I imagined that I was blind, and what chance could there be for a man who was blind in the desert of El Tyh? Again I laid my head down, thought of my wife and children, and, abandoning myself to despair, I wept bitterly.

The tears that I shed had a resuscitating effect upon my frame. I felt revived, and again lifted up my head—I could see! I prostrated myself in humble thanksgiving to Allah, and then rose upon my feet. Yes, I could see; but what

a sight was presented to my eyes ! I could have closed them for ever with thankfulness. The sky was serene, and the boundless prospect uninterrupted as before ; but the thousands who accompanied me, the splendid gathering of men and beasts, where were they ? Where was the emir Hadjy and his guards ? where the mamelukes, the agas, the janissaries, and the holy sheikhs ? the sacred camel, the singers, and musicians ? the varieties of nations and tribes who had joined the caravan ? All perished ! Mountains of sand marked the spots where they had been entombed, with no other monuments save here and there part of the body of a man or beast not yet covered by the desert wave. All, all well gone, save one ; and that one, that guilty one, was myself, who had been permitted to exist, that he might behold the awful mischief which had been created by his presumption and his crime.

For some minutes I contemplated the scene, careless and despairing ; for I imagined that I had only been permitted to outlive the whole that my death might be even more terrible. But my wife and children rushed to my memory, and I resolved for their sakes to save, if possible, a life which had no other ties to bind it to this earth. I tore off a piece of my turban, and, cleaning the sand

out of my bleeding nostrils, walked over the field of death.

Between the different hillocks I found several camels which had not been covered. Perceiving a water-skin, I rushed to it, that I might quench my raging thirst; but the contents had been dried up—not a drop remained. I found another; but I had not better success. I then determined to open one of the bodies of the camels, and obtain the water which it might still have remaining in its stomach. This I effected, and having quenched my thirst—to which even the heated element which I poured down seemed delicious—I hastened to open the remainder of the animals before putrefaction should take place, and collect the scanty supplies in the water-skins. I procured more than half a skin of water, and then returned to my own camel, which I had lain down beside during the simoom. I sat on the body of the animal, and reflected upon the best method of proceeding. I knew that I was but one day's journey from the springs; but how little chance had I of reaching them! I also knew the direction which I must take. The day had nearly closed, and I resolved to make the attempt.

As the sun disappeared I rose, and with the skin of water on my back proceeded on my hope-

less journey. I walked the whole of that night and by break of day I imagined that I must have made half the progress of a caravan ; I had, therefore, still a day to pass in the desert without any protection from the consuming heat, and then another night of toil. Although I had sufficient water, I had no food. When the sun rose I sat down upon a hillock of burning sand, to be exposed to its rays for twelve everlasting hours. Before the hour of noon arrived, my brain became heated—I nearly lost my reason. My vision was imperfect, or rather I saw what did not exist. At one time lakes of water presented themselves to my eager eyes ; and so certain was I of their existence, that I rose and staggered till I was exhausted in pursuit of them. At another I beheld trees at a distance, and could see the acacias waving in the breeze ; I hastened to throw myself under their shade, and arrived at some small shrub, which had thus been magnified.

So was I tormented and deceived during the whole of that dreadful day, which still haunts me in my dreams. At last the night closed in, and the stars as they lighted up warned me that I might continue my journey. I drank plentifully from my water-skin, and recommenced my solitary way.

I followed the track marked out by the bones of camels and horses of former caravans which had perished in the desert, and when the day dawned I perceived the castle of Akaba at a short distance. Inspired with new life, I threw away the water-skin, redoubled my speed, and in half an hour had thrown myself down by the side of the fountain from which I had previously imbibed large draughts of the refreshing fluid. What happiness was then mine ! How heavenly to lie under the shade, breathing the cool air, listening to the warbling of the birds, and inhaling the perfume of the flowers, which luxuriated on that delightful spot ! After an hour I stripped, bathed myself, and taking another draught of water, fell into a sound sleep.

I awoke refreshed, but suffering under the cravings of hunger, which now assailed me. I had been three days without food ; but hitherto I had not felt the want of it, as my more importunate thirst had overcome the sensation. Now that the greater evil had been removed, the lesser increased, and became hourly more imperious. I walked out and scanned the horizon, with the hopes of some caravan appearing in sight ; but I watched in vain, and returned to the fountain. Two more days passed away, and no relief was at

hand ; my strength failed me ; I felt that I was dying ; and as the fountain murmured, and the birds sang, and the cold breeze fanned my cheeks, I thought that it would have been better to have been swallowed up in the desert than to be tantalized by expiring in such a paradise. I laid myself down to die, for I could sit up no more ; and as I turned round to take a last view of the running water, which had prolonged my existence, something hard pressed against my side. I thought it was a stone, and stretched out my hand to remove it, that I might be at ease in my last moments ; but when I felt there was no stone there ; it was something in the pocket of my jacket. I put my hand in, unconscious what it could be ; I pulled it out, and looking at it before I threw it away, found that it was a piece of *hard dry bread*. I thought that it had been sent to me from heaven, and it was as pure an offering as if it had come from thence, for it was the gift of innocence and affection—it was the piece of bread which my little darling girl had received for her breakfast, and which on my departure she had thrust into my pocket, when I imagined she had been searching for fruit. I crawled to the spring, moistened it, and devoured it with tears of gratitude to Heaven, mingled with the fond yearnings of a father's heart.

It saved my life ; for the next day a small caravan arrived which was bound to Cairo. The merchants treated me with great kindness, tied me on one of the camels, and I once more embraced my family, whom I had never thought to see again. Since that I have been poor, but contented—I deserved to lose all my property from my wickedness ; and I submit with resignation to the will of Allah.

And now I trust that your highness will acknowledge that I was justified in making use of the expression, that 'Happy was the man who could *at all times* command a *crust of bread* !'

Aids to Study

Study of Words and Phrases

1. (a) Dissentient (a) [Dis (not), *sens*-io, *sens*-um (to feel): dis-sent (v): dis-sens-ion (n); dis-sent-ient (a); con-sent; con-sens-us; re-sent, re-sent-ment; senti-ment, sense, non-sense.]

(b) Consume (v) [Con (with), *sum*-o, *sumpt*-um (to take): con-sume (v); con-sumpt-ion (n); con-sumpt-ive (a); as-sume; as-sumption, pre-sume, pre-sumpt-ion; pre-sumpt-ive.]

2. (a) Illustrate the use of the following words in different contexts :

let (alone, off, loose, out) ; engage ; lift ; pocket ; march.

(b) Use the following expressions in sentences of your own :

hue and cry ; bid adieu ; carry everything before oneself

(c) Distinguish between :

let out, outlet ; desert, dessert ; symmetry, cemetery ; populace, populous ; pervious, previous ; abandon, forsake, desert.

3. Explain the beauty of language in the use of the following italicized expressions :

We plunged into the desert. It would have been better to have been swallowed up in the desert.

Subject-Matter and Composition

4. (a) (i) Who is called 'The Highness ?'

(ii) Which ranks do the following titles appertain to ?

His Excellency, His Majesty, The Hon'ble,
His Honour, His Lordship.

(b) Explain :

(i) "As your highness has never . . . of shadows."

(ii) "A dark cloud in mad gyration."

(iii) "Moving pillars the desert storm."

(iv) "All perished his crime."

(v) "I felt in such a paradise."

(c) Note the beautiful descriptions of desert, simoom and the helplessness of the camel-driver.

(d) Write your own description of a journey, real or imaginary, through a desert and also any accident that you met with.

(e) Describe your feelings about yourself, your companions and your children at home if you are overcome by some fatal accident on journey.

(f) Comment upon the statement :

"Happy is the man who could at all times command a crust of bread."

Grammar

5. (a) Give (i) Adjectives from : explanation ; prodigy ;
decided ; instinct.

(ii) Nouns from: resolve; destined; as-embled; splendid; contain; believe; submit.

(iii) Verbs from: gold; expand.

(b) What kind of preposition is 'notwith-standing'? Give other examples of the same type.

(c) Parse the words printed in italics below:

I had *more than ever* reason *to be satisfied* that I had saved its life. And so did it *happen* about five years *afterwards*, during *which* interval I accompanied the caravan *as before*; and each year added to my wealth. It had come from *thence*.

(d) Analyse:

(i) "I hastened upon my house."

(ii) "You may imagine . . . men and women."

(iii) "As I lifted post."

(e) Put the following into Indirect Speech:

"O emir! as I speak the truth."

Spelling

6. Note carefully the spelling of the following words:

language; acknowledge; higher, hire; desert, dessert; symmetry, cemetery; populous, populace; vice, voice; kneel; haranguing; fatigue.

12. ON RICHES

From "ON PEACE AND HAPPINESS" BY LORD AVEBURY

[*Sir John Lubbock* (1834—1913), who was later on created Lord of Avebury, was born in London. From Eton he passed at fourteen into his father's banking house. He served on several educational and currency commissions and entered Parliament in 1870. He represented London University in the Parliament from 1880 till 1900, when he was raised to the peerage. He was an authority on finance and education. He was the Vice-Chancellor of the London University from 1872 to 1880. Some of his important works are: "The Pleasures of Life," "The Beauties of Nature," "The Use of Life."]

Among the greatest and purest pleasures of life every one would reckon those derived from art and science, literature and music. In none of these does wealth give any great advantage. Statues and pictures are much more keenly enjoyed by artists who understand them, than by rich men who merely own them. "What hath the owner," says Solomon, "but the sight of it with his eyes?" This, moreover, is not confined to the technical owner. Millionaires seldom have the leisure or peace of mind which are necessary

in order to appreciate the intense interest of science. Literature again requires leisure, but not money; the best books are the cheapest. A day's work will buy all the books that can be read in a year. A great library is no doubt a splendid possession, but it is probably much more to the librarian than to the owner. The binding and the backs of the books are very likely all the owner ever sees. If he is a statesman or a diplomatist, or occupies any great office in the State, if he is a rich man, and looks much after his own property,—he can have but little time for reading.

Time is said to be money: it is really much more than money, and as regards time we are all on an equality. No one has more than twenty-four hours in the day. If a man sleeps for eight hours, then for a third of his life he is as well off as the greatest monarch or the richest millionaire; and probably better, for very likely he is more tired and less anxious. But this is not all. Two or three hours are spent on meals. Hunger, we know, is the best sauce, and the industrious workman probably enjoys his food far more than the richest man ever can. This accounts for ten hours at least. Then he loves his wife and children as much, and the time spent with them is as delightful

to a sensible working man as it can be to the greatest monarch. We may allow another two hours for exercise, for dressing, undressing, etc., in which certainly the poor man is at no disadvantage.

There remain the eight or ten hours of work. Mental is certainly more exhausting than physical labour. Is it more interesting? If any one will read the Court Circular or the American newspapers, I doubt if he would exchange the work of a carpenter or a stonemason for that of a King or a President. In some respects it may be, I do not say that it necessarily is, more interesting, but the responsibilities and anxieties are certainly greater.

At any rate for two-thirds of his time, that is to say, for two-thirds of his life, the rich and powerful has certainly no advantage over the poor man, and for the other third the case is, to say the least, doubtful.

It is sometimes said that the pleasure of giving is peculiar to the rich, and no doubt the pleasure of giving is one of the greatest and purest which wealth can bestow. Still the poor also may be liberal and generous. The widow's mite, so far as the widow at any rate is concerned, counts for as much as the rich man's gold. After all, the difference between rich and poor is in this respect but little. As a

philosopher remarked long ago in the market at Athens, "How many things there are in the world that I do not want." Moreover, as regards kindness and sympathy, which are far more valuable than money, the poor can give as much as, perhaps even more than, the rich. Money is not wealth. There are those whom we look down on as poor, and common, who may be in reality as rich, may possess as grand ideals, and keep as noble company even as any millionaire. That which is of most value in life is exactly that which can neither be bought nor sold. An Arabic proverb says: "A man's true wealth is the *good* he does in this world. When he dies, *men* will ask what property he has left behind him, but Angels will inquire, What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?"

Wealth may be often too dearly bought: it is not worth while to sacrifice for it health, or peace of mind, or too much of one's time. Happiness can neither be bought nor sold. The most important things in the world are good air, good water, good food, good health, and a good conscience; the millionaire can have no more of these than an artisan.

The worst things are pain, worry, and sin, and these money not only cannot take away, but may even bring.

So also as regards a nation. True wealth does not consist in gold and silver, but in the number of good, healthy, and happy human beings of whom it is composed. Nations may ruin themselves, just as individuals can. Many, indeed, seem now to think that the national wealth is inexhaustible. It is great, no doubt, but has its limits, just as definite as that of an individual. Unfortunately this is often forgotten. Every country is economical in adversity. But wise nation is economical in prosperity. Are we? I fear not. "Good husbandry (by which he meant thrift) is not," said Daniel Defoe, "an English virtue"; nor, I fear, can we claim that it is now. Wealth without wisdom is worthless.

The chief advantage of being wealthy is to be relieved from the necessity of thinking about money; but if the result is that we only think of it all the more, and selfishly, it does more harm than good. Money is a great temptation. It leads to self-indulgence and pride. Rich men are sometimes led to look on the poor as a sort of pavement to be trodden on. Poverty requires only two virtues—industry and patience. The rich man, on the other hand, if he has not charity, temperance, prudence, and many more, is in great peril. How dangerous wealth and power are, all history teaches.

If, when you are young, you buy what you do not want, when you are old you may have to sell what you can badly spare. We ought to live while we are young so that we may be free from debt and from pecuniary anxieties when we are old. It is well to live on yesterday's income, not on today's, and still less on that of tomorrow. The spendthrift of today is the pauper of tomorrow.

If you are in business, do not be in a hurry to make money, and, above all, do not speculate. Gambling in any form is a certain road to ruin, while light gains make heavy purses. In times of prosperity do not forget that dark days are coming; in bad times it is a comfort to remember that good days will come again.

Take, again, the ownership of land. Many of our countrymen look forward the whole rest of the year to the month or two they hope to spend in Switzerland, at the seashore, or on the sea itself. It never occurs to them that the mountains, the foreshore, or the waves do not belong to them. They are as happy there as if they owned the country, perhaps more happy. The ownership of hills or valleys, of woods and fields, of rivers and lakes may bring us in rent, but cannot add to the enjoyment we may derive from them. The owner may, no doubt, have rents and profits, but

When a certain rich king was told that certain poor people envied him his wealth, "Why then," he said, "they have a double grief: they sorrow first for their own poverty, and then at my prosperity."

We sometimes hear that a man is made of money; but no amount of money can make a man. Themistocles, a famous Greek general, being consulted whether a man should marry his daughter to a worthy poor man, or to a rich man of less approved character, said, "I certainly would rather she married a man without money, than money without a man."

Aids to Study

Study of Words and Phrases

1. (a) Illustrate the use of the following words in different contexts:

confine, exchange.

(b) Use the following expressions in sentences of your own:

well off; at any rate; that is to say; to say the least; look down on.

(c) Distinguish between: artisan, artist.

(d) Give antonym of: adversity, economical.

Subject-Matter and Composition

2. (a) Explain :

- (i) "Hunger is the best sauce."
- (ii) "Literature again requires leisure, but not money."
- (iii) "What hath the owner, but the sight of it with his eyes."
- (iv) "Widow's mite."
- (v) "The spendthrift of today is the pauper of tomorrow."
- (vi) "Riches are the servants of the wise, but the tyrants of the foolish."
- (vii) "I certainly would rather she married a man without money than money without a man."

(b) Explain :

- (i) "Money is not wealth . . . before thee."
- (ii) "Many, indeed, seen . . . is worthless."
- (iii) "The chief advantage . . . all history teaches."

(c) Comment upon the following :

- (i) "Time is said to be money."
- (ii) "Money is not wealth."
- (iii) "Happiness can neither be bought nor sold."
- (iv) "Wealth without wisdom is worthless."
- (v) "Little money, little care."

(d) What virtues does this lesson teach ?

(e) Write any story illustrating the abuses of riches.

(f) Write an essay on "True value of riches."

(g) Write an essay on "My idea of a happy man."

Grammar

3. (a) Give : (i) Adjectives from : advantage ; mind ; exhaust ; difference ; peril ; envy.

TYPES OF MODERN ENGLISH

(ii) Nouns from: industrious; probably;
sensible; liberal; generous.

(iii) Verbs from: fool; sympathy; sacrifice;
debt, tyrants.

(b) Parse the words printed below in italics:

He can have *but* little time for *reading*. It is really *much*
more than money, and *as regards* time we are all on an
equality. It is not worth *while* to *sacrifice* for it health.

(c) Analyse:

(i) "If a man sleeps. . . less anxious."

(ii) "Moreover, as regards. . . the rich."

Spelling

4. Note carefully the spelling of the following words:

science, signs; literature; statue; own, won, one; million-
aire; leisure; might, mite; angels, angles; inexhaustible;
pecuniary.

13. MIDSHIPMAN EASY AND THE FIRST-LIEUTENANT

From "MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY" BY FREDERICK MARRYAT

[For the life and works of the author consult Lesson 11, page 142.]

In the meantime Mr. Sawbridge, who was not in his uniform, had entered, and perceived Jack alone, with the dinner-table laid out in the best style for eight, a considerable show of plate for even the Fountain Inn, and everything, as well as the apartment itself, according to Mr. Sawbridge's opinion, much more fit for a commander-in-chief than a midshipman of a sloop of war.

Now Mr. Sawbridge was a good officer, one who had really worked his way up to the present rank—that is to say, that he had served seven-and-twenty years, and had nothing but his pay. He was a little soured in the service, and certainly had an aversion to the young men of family who were now fast crowding into it—and with some grounds, as he perceived his own chance of promotion decrease in the same ratio as the numbers increased. He considered that in

proportion as midshipmen assumed a cleaner and more gentlemanly appearance, so did they become more useless, and it may therefore be easily imagined that his bile was raised by this parade and display in a lad who was very shortly to be, and ought three weeks before to have been, shrinking from his frown. Nevertheless, Sawbridge was a good-hearted man, although a little envious of luxury, which he could not pretend to indulge in himself.

"May I beg to ask," said Jack, who was always remarkably polite and gentlemanly in his address, "in what manner I may be of service to you?"

"Yes, sir, you may—by joining your ship immediately. And may I beg to ask in return, sir, what is the reason you have stayed on shore three weeks without joining her?" Hereupon Jack, who did not much admire the peremptory tone of Mr. Sawbridge, and who during the answer had taken a seat, crossed his legs, and played with the gold chain to which the watch was secured, after a pause very coolly replied—

"And pray, who are you?"

"Who am I, sir?" replied Sawbridge, jumping out of his chair. "My name is Sawbridge, sir, and I am the first-lieutenant of the *Harpy*. Now, sir, you have your answer."

Mr. Sawbridge, who imagined that the name of the first-lieutenant would strike terror to a culprit midshipman, threw himself back in the chair and assumed an air of importance.

"Really, sir," replied Jack, "what may be your exact situation on board, my ignorance of the service will not allow me to guess, but if I may judge from your behaviour, you have no small opinion of yourself!"

"Look ye, young man, you may not know what a first-lieutenant is, and I take it for granted that you do not, by your behaviour; but depend upon it, I'll let you know very soon. In the meantime, sir, I insist upon it, that you go immediately on board."

"I'm sorry that I cannot comply with your very moderate request," replied Jack coolly. "I shall go on board when it suits my convenience, and I beg that you will give yourself no further trouble on my account."

Jack then rang the bell; the waiter, who had been listening outside, immediately entered, and before Mr. Sawbridge, who was dumb with astonishment at Jack's impertinence, could have time to reply—

"Waiter," said Jack, "show this gentleman downstairs."

"By the god of war!" exclaimed the first-lieutenant, "but I'll soon show you down to the boat, my young bantam; and when once I get you safe on board, I'll make you know the difference between a midshipman and a first-lieutenant."

"I can only admit of equality, sir," replied Jack; "we are all born equal—I trust you'll admit that."

"Equality! I suppose you'll take the command of the ship. However, sir, your ignorance will be a little enlightened by-and-by. I shall now go and report your conduct to Captain Wilson; and I tell you plainly that, if you are not on board this evening, tomorrow morning at daylight, I shall send a sergeant and a file of marines to fetch you."

"You may depend upon it, sir," replied Jack, "that I also shall not fail to mention to Captain Wilson that I consider you a very quarrelsome, impertinent fellow, and recommend him not to allow you to remain on board. It will be quite uncomfortable to be in the same ship with such an ungentlemanly bear."

"He must be mad—quite mad," exclaimed Sawbridge, whose astonishment even mastered his indignation. "Mad as a March hare!"

"No, sir," replied Jack, "I am not mad, but I am a philosopher."

"A *what?*" exclaimed Sawbridge. "What next?" "Well, my joker, all the better for you; I shall put your philosophy to the proof."

"It is for that very reason, sir," replied Jack, "that I have decided upon going to sea: and if you do remain on board, I hope to argue the point with you, and make you a convert to the truth of equality and the rights of man."

"By the Lord that made us both, I'll soon make you a convert to the thirty-six articles of war—that is, if you remain on board; but I shall now go to the captain and report your conduct, sir, and leave you to your dinner with what appetite you may."

"Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you; but you need not be afraid of my appetite; I am only sorry, as you happen to belong to the same ship, that I cannot, in justice to the gentlemanly young men whom I expect, ask you to join them. I wish you a very good morning, sir."

"Twenty years have I been in the service," roared Sawbridge, "and—but he's mad—down-right, stark, staring mad," and the first-lieutenant bounced out of the room.

Jack was a little astonished himself. Had Mr. Sawbridge made his appearance in uniform it might have been different, but that a plain-looking man, with black whiskers, shaggy hair, and old blue frock-coat and yellow waistcoat, should venture to address him in such a manner was quite incomprehensible. "He calls me mad," thought Jack; "I shall tell Captain Wilson what is my opinion about his lieutenant." Shortly afterwards the company arrived, and Jack soon forgot all about it.

In the meantime Sawbridge called at the captain's lodgings, and found him at home: he made a very faithful report of all that had happened, and concluded his request by demanding, in great wrath, either an instant dismissal or a court-martial on our hero, Jack.

Aids to Study

Study of Words and Phrases

1. (a) Mark the use of the word 'strike' in the following sentences:

He *struck* me in the face. (v. hit)

What *struck* me was the generosity of the offer.
(v. surprised)

Strike off the remark from the register. (v. remove
by striking)

The player *struck* the ball out of the court. (v. threw)

Ramesh *struck* his foot against a stone. (v. collided against)

As I got up, the bell *struck* four. (v. rang)

As the ship *struck* on the rock, it went to pieces. (v. collided)

He is too much *stricken* in years to do some active work. (v. enfeebled by old age)

It is no use troubling a *stricken* heart. (v. oppressed with grief)

The villagers were *stricken* with malaria. (v. attacked)

After deep meditation, I *struck* upon a plan to get rid of the rogue. (v. hit upon)

On his remark I was simply *struck* dumb. (v. dumb-founded)

Strike his head off. (v. behead)

After a brief talk, they *struck* up an acquaintance. (v. made rapidly or casually)

As it is dark, let us *strike* light. (v. produce light by striking)

The workers went on *strike* or *struck* work for a higher pay. (n., v. discontinued work)

His threatening attitude *struck* terror into my heart. (v. excited)

It is no use higgling; let us now *strike* a bargain. (v. settle)

The invasion of Nadir Shah *struck* at the root of the Mughal Empire. (v. threatened destruction)

After a night's rest, the party *struck* its tents. (v. camp broke up)

The plant *struck* its root into the soil. (v. penetrated)

(b) Illustrate the use of the following words in different contexts :

tone, conclude.

(c) Use the following expressions in sentences of your own :
work one's way to ; assume an air ; call at.

(d) Distinguish between:
 officer, official; astonishment, surprise, amazement; by
 and by, by the by; go to sea, go to the sea.

Subject-Matter and Composition

2. (a) Explain:

(i) "In the meantime a sloop of war."

(ii) "He was a little soured in himself."

(b) Estimate the character of (i) Sawbridge, and (ii) Jack.

(c) Write an imaginary dialogue.

Grammar

3. (a) Give (i) Adjectives from: luxury, conclude.

(ii) Nouns from: pretend, comply.

(iii) Verbs from: ignorance, incomprehensible.

(b) Parse the words printed below in italics:

You need not *be afraid* of my appetite. He made a very
 faithful report of *all that* had happened. Jack was a little
astonished himself.

(c) Analyse:

"Had Mr. Sawbridge incomprehensible."

Spelling

4. Note carefully the spelling of the following words:
 air, heir; convenience; difference, deference; wrath.

14. SUBHA

From "STORIES FROM TAGORE"



[*Rabindra Nath Tagore* was born in Calcutta on May 1861. He comes of a rich and refined Bengalee family. His father Maharshi Debendra Nath Tagore was of a saintly character and was an intimate friend and disciple of Raja Ram Mohan Roy. Rabindra Nath is the youngest son of his father. His mother died when he was very young. He never received University education, but he is a very widely read man. He was never happy at school, for he is one of the geniuses who receive education from the school of nature—the fountain of all wisdom. He went to England at the age of seventeen. He took active part during the Partition movement of Bengal and wrote classic patriotic poems. He has started a school called, 'Shantiniketan' (the abode of Peace) at Bolepore, a village in Bengal. It has now expanded into a University, called Vishwa-Bharti, where both Eastern and Western culture are duly emphasised and people from distant countries come there for inspiration. Some of his important works are '*The Gitanjali*,' '*The Gardeners*' and '*The Crescent Moon*.' He was awarded Nobel Prize for Literature in 1913. He was created a knight; but during the political movement he refused to be a titleholder. He has now made a tour of foreign countries and delivered a number of addresses on art, literature, and religion.]

When the girl was given the name of Subhashini, who could have guessed that she would be dumb when she grew up? Her two elder sisters were Sukeshini and Suhashini, and for the sake of uniformity her father named his youngest girl Subhashini. She was called Subha for short.

Her two elder sisters had been married with the usual difficulties in finding husbands and providing dowries, and now the youngest daughter lay like a silent weight upon the heart of her parents. People seemed to think that because she did not speak, therefore she did not feel; they discussed her future and their anxiety concerning it even in her presence. She had understood from her earliest childhood that God had sent her like a curse to her father's house, so she withdrew herself from ordinary people and tried to live apart. If only they would all forget her she felt she could endure it. But who can forget pain? Night and day her parents' minds ached with anxiety on her account. Her mother especially looked upon her as a deformity. To a mother a daughter is a more closely intimate part of herself than a son can be and a fault in her is a source of personal shame. Banikantha, Subha's father, loved her rather better than he did his other daughters; her mother almost hated her as a stain upon her own body.

If Subha lacked speech, she did not lack a pair of large dark eyes, shaded with long lashes ; and her lips trembled like a leaf in response to any thought that arose in her mind.

When we express our thought in words, the medium is not found easily. There must be a process of translation, which is often inexact, and then we fall into error. But black eyes need no translating ; the mind itself throws a shadow upon them. In them thought opens or shuts, shines forth or goes out in darkness, hangs steadfast like the setting moon or like the swift and restless lightning illumines all quarters of the sky. Those who from birth have had no other speech than the trembling of their lips learn a language of the eyes, endless in expression, deep as the sea, clear as the heavens, wherein play dawn and sunset, light and shadow. The dumb have a lonely grandeur like Nature's own. Wherefore the other children almost dreaded Subha and never played with her. She was silent and companionless as the noontide.

She lived in a small village called Chandipur. The river on whose bank it stood was small for a river of Bengal, and kept to its narrow bounds like a daughter of the middle class. This busy streak of water never overflowed its banks, but went about its duties as though it were a member of every family

in the villages beside it. On either side were houses and banks shaded with trees. So, stepping from her queenly throne, the river-goddess became a garden deity of each home, and forgetful of herself performed her task of endless benediction with swift and cheerful feet.

Banikantha's house looked out upon the stream. Every hut and stack in the place could be seen by the passing boatmen. I know not if amid these signs of worldly wealth any one noticed the little girl who, when her work was done, stole away to the waterside and sat there. But here Nature herself made up for her want of speech and spoke for her. The murmur of the brook, the voice of the village-folk, the songs of the boatmen, the cry of the birds and the rustle of trees mingled and were one with the trembling of her heart. They became one vast wave of sound which beat upon her restless soul. This murmur and movement of Nature were the dumb girl's language; that speech of the dark eyes, which the long lashes shaded, was the language of the world about her. From the trees, where the cicadas chirped, to quiet stars, there was nothing but signs and gestures, weeping and sighing. And in the deep mid-noon, when the boatmen and fisherfolk had gone to their dinner, when the villagers slept and the birds were still, when the ferry-boats were idle, when the great

busy world paused in its toil and became suddenly a lonely, awful giant, then beneath the vast impressive heavens there were only dumb Nature and a dumb girl, sitting very silent,—one under the spreading sunlight, the other where a small tree cast its shadow.

But Subha was not altogether without friends. In the stall were two cows, Sarbbashi and Panguli. They had never heard their names from her lips, but they knew her footfall. Though she could form no words, she murmured lovingly and they understood her gentle murmuring better than all speech. When she fondled them or scolded or coaxed them, they understood her better than men could do. Subha would come to the shed and throw her arms round Sarbbashi's neck ; she would rub her cheek against her friend's and Panguli would turn her great kind eyes and lick her face. The girl visited them regularly three times a day, and at many an odd moment as well. Whenever she heard any words that hurt her, she would come to these dumb friends even though it might not be the hour for a regular visit. It was as though they guessed her anguish of spirit from her look of quiet sadness. Coming close to her, they would rub their horns softly against her arms, and in dumb, puzzled fashion try to comfort her. Besides these, there were goats and a kitten ;

but Subha had not the same equal friendship with them, though they showed the same attachment. Every time it got a chance, night or day, the kitten would jump into her lap, and settle down to slumber and show its appreciation of an aid to sleep as Subha drew her soft fingers over its neck and back.

Subha had a comrade also among the higher animals, and it is hard to say what were the girl's relations with him ; for he could speak, and his gift of speech left them without any common language. He was the youngest boy of the Gosains, Pratap by name, an idle fellow. After long effort, his parents had abandoned the hope of his ever making a living. Now losels have this advantage, that when their own folk disapprove of them they are generally popular with every one else. Having no work to chain them, they become public property. Just as every town needs an open space where all may breathe, so a village needs two or three gentlemen of leisure, who can give time to all ; then, if we are lazy and want a companion, one is to hand.

Pratap's chief ambition was to catch fish. He managed to waste a lot of time this way, and might be seen almost any afternoon so employed. It was thus most often that he met Subha. Whatever he was about, he liked a companion ; and, when one is trying to catch fish, a silent companion is best of all.

Pratap respected Subha for her silence, and, as every one called her Subha, he showed his affection by calling her Su. Subha used to sit beneath a tamarind tree, and Pratap, a little distance off, would cast his line. Pratap took with him a small allowance of betel, and Subha prepared it for him. And I think that, sitting there and gazing a long while, she desired ardently to bring some great help to Pratap, to be of real aid, to prove by any means that she was not a useless burden in the world. But there was nothing to do. Then she turned to the Creator in prayer for some rare power, that by an astonishing miracle she might startle Pratap into exclaiming: "My! I never dreamt our Su could do this!"

Only think, if Subha had been a water nymph, she might have risen slowly from the river, bringing the gem of a snake's crown to the landing-place. Then Pratap, leaving his paltry fishing, might have dived into the lower world, and seen there, on a golden bed in a palace of silver, whom else but dumb little Su, Banikantha's child! Yes, our Su, the only daughter of the king of that shining city of jewels! But that might not be, it was impossible. Not that anything is really impossible, but Su had been born, not into the royal house of Patalpur, but into Banikantha's family, and thus she knew of no means by which she might astonish the Gosain's boy.

She grew up, and little by little began to find herself. A new inexpressible consciousness like a tide from the central places of the sea, when the moon is full, swept through her. She saw herself, questioned herself, but no answer came that she could understand.

Late one night, when the moon was full, she slowly opened her door, and timidly peeped out. Nature, herself at full moon, like lonely Subha, was looking down on the sleeping earth. Subha's strong young life beat within her; joy and sadness filled her being to its brim: she had felt unutterably lonely before, but her feeling of loneliness was this moment at its intensest. Her heart was heavy, and she could not speak. At the skirts of this silent troubled Mother there stood a silent troubled girl.

The thought of her marriage filled her parents with anxious care. People blamed them, and even talked of making them outcastes. Banikantha was well off; his family even had fish-curry twice daily, and consequently he did not lack enemies. Then the women interfered, and Bani went away for a few days. Presently, he returned and said: "We must go to Calcutta."

They got ready to go to this strange place. Subha's heart was heavy with tears, like a mist-wrapt dawn. With a vague fear that had been

gathering for days, she dogged her father and mother like a dumb animal. With her large eyes wide open, she scanned their faces as though she wished to learn something. But not a word did they vouchsafe. One afternoon in the midst of all this, as Pratap was fishing, he laughed: "So then, Su, they have caught your bridegroom, and you are going to be married! Mind, you don't forget me altogether!" Then he turned his mind again to his fishing. As a stricken doe looks in the hunter's face, asking in silent agony: "What have I done to harm you?" so Subha looked at Pratap. That day she sat no longer beneath her tree. Banikantha, having finished his nap, was smoking in his bedroom when Subha dropped at his feet and burst out weeping as she gazed towards him. Banikantha tried to comfort her, and his own cheek grew wet with tears.

It was settled that on the morrow they should go to Calcutta. Subha went to the cow-shed to bid farewell to the comrades of her childhood. She fed them from her hand; she clasped their necks; she looked into their faces, and tears fell fast from the eyes which spoke for her. That night was the tenth of the new moon. Subha left her room, and flung herself down on her grassy couch beside the river she loved so much. It was as if she threw

her arms about the Earth, her strong, silent mother, and tried to say: "Do not let me leave you, mother. Put your arms about me, as I have put mine about you, and hold me fast."

One day, in a house in Calcutta, Subha's mother dressed her up with great care. She imprisoned her hair, knotting it up in laces, she hung her about with ornaments, and did her best to kill her natural beauty. Subha's eyes filled with tears. Her mother, fearing they would grow swollen with weeping, scolded her harshly, but the tears disregarded the scolding. The bridegroom came with a friend to inspect the bride. Her parents were dizzy with anxiety and fear when they saw the god arrive to select the beast for his sacrifice. Behind the stage, the mother called her instructions aloud, so that her daughter's weeping redoubled, before she sent her into the examiner's presence. The great man, after looking her up and down a long time, observed: "Not so bad."

He took special note of her tears, and thought she must have a tender heart. He put it to her credit in the account, arguing that the heart, which to-day was distressed at leaving her parents, would presently prove a useful possession. Like the oyster's pearls, the child's tears only increased her value, and he made no other comment.

The almanac was consulted, and the marriage took place on an auspicious day. Having delivered their dumb girl into another's hands, Subha's parents returned home. Thank God! Their caste in this world and their safety in the next were assured! The bridegroom's work lay in the west, and shortly after the marriage he took his wife thither.

In less than ten days every one knew that the bride was dumb! At least, if any one did not, it was not her fault, for she deceived no one. Her eyes told them everything, though no one understood her. She looked on every hand, but found no speech; she missed the faces, familiar from birth, of those who had understood a dumb girl's language. In her silent heart there sounded an endless, voiceless weeping, which only the Searcher of Hearts could hear.

Aids to Study

Study of Words and Phrases

1. Translate (v) [Trans (across), *lat*-um (to bear or bring): trans-late (v), trans-lat-ion (n), re-late, di-late, super-lat-ive.]

2. (a) Illustrate the use of the following words in different contexts:

intimate; bounds; look-out; well-off; vouchsafe.

(b) Explain the beauty of language in the use of the following italicized expressions:

Her lips *trembled like a leaf in response to any thought that arose in her mind.* Black eyes *need no translating.*

(c) Explain the similes contained in the fourth paragraph.

(d) Distinguish between: auspicious and auspices.

TYPES OF MODERN ENGLISH

Subject-Matter and Composition

3. (a) Explain :

(i) "But who can forget pain? her own body."

(ii) "If Subha lacked in her mind."

(iii) "When we express as the noontide."

(iv) "No stepping cheerful feet."

(b) Estimate the character of Subha.

(c) Describe what your feelings would have been, if you had been the father of Subha.

(d) "God arrive to select the best for his sacrifice." Comment on the use of the words 'god' and 'best' for the individuals referred to in the lesson.

(e) Write an essay on "Social evils in India."

Grammar

4. (a) Give Noun from : response.

(b) Note the meaning of the word 'for' in the second sentence, in the fifth paragraph. Use it in as many senses as possible.

(c) Parse the words printed below in italics :

They discussed her future and their anxiety *concerning* it *even* in her presence.

The girl visited her three *times* a day.

They are generally popular with every one *else*.

(d) Analyse :

"Just as every town is to hand."

Spelling

5. Note carefully the spelling of the following words :
medium; grandeur; anguish; vague; vouchsafe;
auspicious, auspices.

15. THE LIFE OF BUDDHA

BY FRIDRICH MAX-MÜLLER



[*Friedrich Max-Müller* (1823—1900) was born at Dessau in Germany, where his father, Wilhelm Müller, a lyric poet, was a librarian. He devoted himself to Sanskrit. His translation of the *Hitopadesa* appeared in 1844. He prepared an edition of the Rig Veda at the instance of Burnouf, his old teacher. He was appointed, at Oxford, Professor of Comparative Philology and he did his best to promote its study in England. All his works were meant to promote oriental learning. He died on the 28th October, 1900. No foreign scholar has taken so much interest in oriental studies as he.]

Buddha, or more correctly, the Buddha,—for Buddha is an appellative, meaning Enlightened,—was born at Kapilavastu, the capital of a kingdom of the same name, situated at the foot of the mountains of Nepal, north of the present Oude. His father, the king of Kapilavastu, was of the family of the Sākya, and belonged to the clan of the Gautamas. His mother was Māyâdevî, daughter of king Suprabuddha; and need we say that she was as beautiful as he was powerful and just? Buddha was therefore by birth of the Kshattriya,

or warrior caste ; and he took the name of Sākya from his family, and that of Gautama from his clan, claiming a kind of spiritual relationship with the honoured race of Gautama. The name of Buddha, or the Buddha, dates from a later period of his life ; and so probably does the name Siddhārtha (he whose objects have been accomplished), although we are told that it was given him in his childhood. His mother died seven days after his birth ; and the father confided the child to the care of his deceased wife's sister, who, however, had been his wife even before the mother's death. The child grew up a most beautiful and most accomplished boy, who soon knew more than his masters could teach him. He refused to take part in the games of his playmates, and never felt so happy as when he could sit alone, lost in meditation in the deep shadows of the forest. It was there that his father found him, when he had thought him lost : and in order to prevent the young prince from becoming a dreamer, the king determined to marry him at once. When the subject was mentioned by the aged ministers to the future heir to the throne, he demanded seven days for reflection ; and convinced at last that not even marriage could disturb the calm of his mind, he allowed the ministers to look out for a princess.

The princess elected was the beautiful Gopâ, the daughter of Dandapâni. Though her father objected at first to her marrying a young prince who was represented to him as deficient in manliness and intellect, he gladly gave his consent when he saw the royal suitor distancing all his rivals both in feats of arms and power of mind. Their marriage proved one of the happiest : but the prince remained, as he had been before, absorbed in meditation on the problems of life and death. ' Nothing is stable on earth,' he used to say, ' nothing is real. Life is like the spark produced by the friction of wood. It is lighted and is extinguished—we know not whence it came or whither it goes. It is like the sound of a lyre, and the wise man asks in vain from whence it came and whither it goes. There must be some supreme intelligence where we could find rest. If I attained it, I could bring light to man ; if I were free myself, I could deliver the world.' The king, who perceived the melancholy mood of the young prince, tried everything to divert him from his speculations : but all was in vain. Three of the most ordinary events that could happen to any man, proved of the utmost importance in the career of Buddha.

One day when the prince with a large retinue drove through the eastern gate of the city on the

way to one of his parks, he met on the road an old man, broken and decrepit. One could see the veins and muscles over the whole of his body, his teeth chattered, he was covered with wrinkles, bald, and hardly able to utter hollow and unmelodious sounds. He was bent on his stick, and all his limbs and joints trembled. 'Who is that man?' said the prince to his coachman. 'He is small and weak, his flesh and his blood are dried up, his muscles stick to his skin, his head is white, his teeth chatter, his body is wasted away; leaning on his stick he is hardly able to walk, stumbling at every step. Is there something peculiar in his family, or is this the common lot of all created beings?'

'Sir,' replied the coachman, 'that man is sinking under old age, his senses have become obtuse, suffering has destroyed his strength, and he is despised by his relations. He is without support and useless, and people have abandoned him, like a dead tree in a forest. But this is not peculiar to his family. In every creature youth is defeated by old age. Your father, your mother, all your relations, all your friends, will come to the same state; this is the appointed end of all creatures.'

'Alas!' replied the prince, 'are creatures so ignorant, so weak and foolish, as to be proud of the youth by which they are intoxicated, not seeing

the old age which awaits them ! As for me, I go away. Coachman, turn my chariot quickly. What have I, the future prey of old age,—what have I to do with pleasure ?' And the young prince returned to the city without going to his park.

Another time the prince drove through the southern gate to his pleasure garden, when he perceived on the road a man suffering from illness, parched with fever, his body wasted, covered with mud, without a friend, without a home, hardly able to breathe, and frightened at the sight of himself and the approach of death. Having questioned his coachman, and received from him the answer which he expected, the young prince said, 'Alas ! health is but the sport of a dream, and the fear for suffering must take this frightful form. Where is the wise man who after having seen what he is, could any longer think of joy and pleasure ?' The prince turned his chariot and returned to the city.

A third time he drove to his pleasure garden through the western gate, when he saw a dead body on the road, lying on a bier and covered with a cloth. The friends stood about crying, sobbing, tearing their hair, covering their heads with dust, striking their breasts, and uttering wild cries.

The prince, again calling his coachman to witness this painful scene, exclaimed, 'Oh! woe to youth, which must be destroyed by old age! Woe to health, which must be destroyed by so many diseases! Woe to this life, where a man remains so short a time! If there were no old age, no disease, no death: if these could be made captive for ever! Then betraying for the first time his intentions, the young prince said, 'Let us turn back, I must think how to accomplish deliverance.'

A last meeting put an end to his hesitation. He drove through the northern gate on the way to his pleasure gardens, when he saw a mendicant who appeared outwardly calm, subdued, looking downwards, wearing with an air of dignity his religious vestment, and carrying an alms-bowl.

'Who is this man?' asked the prince.

'Sir,' replied the coachman, 'this man is one of those who are called *bhikshus*, or mendicants. He has renounced all pleasures, all desires, and leads a life of austerity. He tries, to conquer himself. He has become a devotee. Without passion, without envy, he walks about asking for alms.'

'This is good and well said,' replied the prince. 'The life of a devotee has always been praised by the wise. It will be my refuge, and the refuge

of other creatures ; it will lead us to a real life, to happiness and immortality.'

With these words, the young prince turned his chariot, and returned to the city.

After having declared to his father and his wife his intention of retiring from the world, Buddha left his palace one night when all the guards that were to have watched him were asleep. After travelling the whole night, he gave his horse and his ornaments to his groom, and sent him back to Kapilavastu. 'A monument,' remarks the author of the *Lalita-Vistara*, 'is still to be seen on the spot where the coachman turned back.' Hiouen-Tsang saw the same monument at the edge of a large forest, on his road to Kusinagara, a city now in ruins, and situated about fifty miles E. S. E. from Gorakhpur.

Buddha first went to Vaisâli, and became the pupil of a famous Brahman, who had gathered round him 300 disciples. Having learnt all that the Brahman could teach him, Buddha went away disappointed. He had not found the road to salvation. He then tried another Brahman at Râjagriha, the capital of Magadha or Behar, who had 700 disciples, and there too he looked in vain for the means of deliverance. He left him, followed by five of his fellow-students : and for six

years retired into solitude, near a village named Uruvilva, subjecting himself to the most severe penances, previous to his appearing in the world as a teacher. At the end of this period, however, he arrived at the conviction that asceticism, far from giving peace of mind and preparing the way to salvation, was a snare and a stumbling-block in the way of truth. He gave up his exercises, and was at once deserted as an apostate by his five disciples. Left to himself, he now began to elaborate his own system. He had learnt that neither the doctrines nor the austerities of the Brahmans were of any avail for accomplishing the deliverance of man, and freeing him from the fear of old age, disease, and death. After long meditations, and ecstatic visions, he at last imagined that he had arrived at that true knowledge which discloses the cause, and thereby destroys the fear, of all the changes inherent in life. It was from the moment when he arrived at this knowledge that he claimed the name of Buddha, the Enlightened. At that moment we may truly say that the fate of millions of millions of human beings trembled in the balance. Buddha hesitated for a time whether he should keep his knowledge to himself, or communicate it to the world. Compassion for the sufferings of man prevailed;

and the young prince became the founder of a religion which, after more than 2,000 years, is still professed by 455,000,000 of human beings.

The further history of the new teacher is very simple. He proceeded to Benares, which at all times was the principal seat of learning in India ; and the first converts he made were the five fellow-students who had left him when he threw off the yoke of the Brahmanical observances. Many others followed ; but as the *Lalita-Vistara* breaks off at Buddha's arrival at Benares, we have no further consecutive account of the rapid progress of his doctrine. From what we can gather from scattered notices in the Buddhist canon, he was invited by the king of Magadha, Bimbisara, to his capital, Rājagriha. Many of his lectures are represented as having been delivered at the monastery of Kalantaka with which the king or some rich merchant had presented him ; others on the Vulture Peak, one of the five hills that surrounded the ancient capital.

Three of his most famous disciples, Sāriputra, Kātyāyana, and Maudgalyāyana, joined him during his stay in Magadha, where he enjoyed for many years the friendship of the king. That king was afterwards assassinated by his son, Ajātasatru ; and then we hear of

Buddha as settled for a time at Srāvastī, north of the Ganges, where Anāthapindada, a rich merchant, had offered him and his disciples a magnificent building for their residence. Most of Buddha's lectures or sermons were delivered at Srāvastī, the capital of Kosala; and the king of Kosala himself, Prasénagit, became a convert to his doctrine. After an absence of twelve years, we are told that Buddha visited his father at Kapilavastu, on which occasion he performed several miracles, and converted all the Sākyas to his faith. His own wife became one of his followers; and, with his aunt, offers the first instance of female Buddhist devotees in India. We have fuller particulars again of the last days of Buddha's life. He had attained the good age of the three score and ten, and had been on a visit to Rājagriha; where the king Ajātasatru, the former enemy of Buddha, and the assassin of his own father, had joined the congregation, after making a public confession of his crimes. On his return, he was followed by a large number of disciples; and when on the point of crossing the Ganges, he stood on a square stone, and turning his eyes back towards Rājagriha, he said, full of emotion, 'This is the last time that I see that city.' He likewise visited Vaisali; and after taking leave

of it, he had nearly reached the city of Kusinagara, when his vital strength began to fail. He halted in a forest, and while sitting under a sal tree, he gave up the ghost or as a Buddhist would say, entered into Nirvana.

Aids to Study

Study of Words and Phrases

1. Reflect (v) [Re (again)-*flect*-o, *flex*-um (to bend): reflect (v), re-*flect*-ion (n), re-*flect*-ive (a), re-*flex*, re-*flex*-ive, *flex*-ible.]

2. (a) Mark the use of the word 'light' in the following sentences:

Akbar *saw the light* in 1542. (n. was born)

He presented my view-point *in a good light*. (n. in a favourable way)

The approver *brought to light* all the secrets of the conspirators. (n. disclosed).

My son is the *light of my eyes*. (n. beloved person)

Please *throw some light* on this point. It is not clear to me. (n. give more information to make clear)

He will work in the *light* of this information. (n. with the help)

He will do his best according to *his light*. (n. mental powers)

Please strike a *light*. (n. produce light with match, etc.)

He *lighted* a candle. (v. kindled)

His face *lighted up* when he heard this happy news. (v. looked brighter)

This table is *light*. (a. not heavy)

He is *light-handed* (tactful), *light-minded* (thoughtless),

light-hearted (not grave).

(b) Illustrate the use of the following words in different

contexts :

speculation, decrepit, sound, sink, obtuse, witness, wear.

(c) Use the following expressions in sentences of your

own :

in vain ; on the way to ; put an end to.

(d) Distinguish between :

probable, possible ; accomplish, accomplice ; deceived ; diseased ; elect, select.

Subject-Matter and Composition

3. (a) Explain :

(i) "Though her father . . . life and death."

(ii) "Nothing is stable ; . . . deliver the world."

(iii) "Alas, replied the prince . . . to his park."

(iv) "Having questioned . . . to the city."

(v) "Oh ! woe to youth . . . accomplish deliverance."

(vi) "At the end . . . own system."

(b) 'Health is but the sport of dream.'—Comment upon this statement.

(c) Describe the events that completely changed the whole outlook of Buddha.

(d) How did he regard life before this ?

(e) What efforts did Buddha make to ameliorate the lot of humanity and how far did he succeed ?

(f) What were Buddha's teachings ? Estimate their true value.

(g) Write an essay on the life of a great man.

Grammar

4. (a) Give Nouns from: deficient, object, absorb, stable, divert, vital.

(b) Parse the words printed below in italics :

He was represented to him as *deficient* in manliness and intellect.

Wise man asks in vain from *whence* it came.

Are creatures so ignorant, so weak and foolish, *as to be proud* of the youth ?

(c) Analyse :

"It was the Enlightened."

(d) Put the speech between the prince and the coachman in the words of the prince.

Spelling

5. Note carefully the spelling of the following words :

deficient; melancholy; retinue; veins; muscles; wrinkles; unmelodious; bier; hair, hare; austerity; conquer, concur; devotee; guard; disciple; asceticism; ecstatic; visions; assassinate.

16. THE TORTOISE

From "THE VOYAGE OF A NATURALIST ROUND THE WORLD IN H.M.S. BEAGLE" BY CHARLES DARWIN

[*Charles Robert Darwin* (1809—1882) was born at



Shrewsbury. He was the son of Dr. Robert Darwin, who intended him for the Church; but he was a born naturalist and took the earliest opportunity to go out on a scientific expedition. He devoted himself to the study of natural history. From his voyage he came

back with a rich store of knowledge. In 1859 he married; and henceforth spent the life of a quiet country gentleman, engrossed in scientific pursuits—experimenting, observing, recording and generalizing. In 1839 his name attained its great celebrity by the publication of '*The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection*.' It introduced a revolution in the theory of evolution of species.]

These animals are found, I believe, on all the islands of the Archipelago; certainly on the greater number. They frequent in preference the high damp parts, but they likewise live in the lower and arid districts. I have already shown, from the numbers which have been caught in a single day, how very numerous they must be. Some grow to

an immense size : Mr. Lawson, an Englishman, and vice-governor of the colony, told us that he had seen several, so large that it required six or eight men to lift them from the ground ; and that some had afforded as much as two hundred pounds of meat. The old males are the largest, the females rarely growing to so great a size : the male can readily be distinguished from the female by the greater length of its tail. The tortoises which live on those islands where there is no water, or in the lower and arid parts of the others, feed chiefly on the succulent cactus. Those which frequent the higher and damp regions eat the leaves of various trees, a kind of berry (called guayavita) which is acid and austere, and likewise a pale green filamentous lichen (*Usnera plicata*), that hangs in tresses from the boughs of the trees.

The tortoise is very fond of water, drinking large quantities, and wallowing in the mud. The larger islands alone possess springs, and these are always situated towards the central parts, and at a considerable height. The tortoises, therefore, which frequent the lower districts, when thirsty, are obliged to travel from a long distance. Hence broad and well-beaten paths branch off in every direction from the wells down to the sea-coast ; and the Spaniards by following them up first discovered

the watering-places. When I landed at Chatham Island, I could not imagine what animal travelled so methodically along well-chosen tracks. Near the springs it was a curious spectacle to behold many of these huge creatures, one set eagerly travelling onwards with outstretched necks, and another set returning, after having drunk their fill. When the tortoise arrives at the spring, quite regardless of any spectator, he buries his head in the water above his eyes, and greedily swallows great mouthfuls, at the rate of about ten in a minute. The inhabitants say each animal stays three or four days in the neighbourhood of the water, and then returns to the lower country; but they differed respecting the frequency of these visits. The animal probably regulates them according to the nature of the food on which it has lived. It is, however, certain that tortoises can subsist even on those islands, where there is no other water than what falls during a few rainy days in the year. . . .

The tortoises, when purposely moving towards any point, travel by night and day, and arrive at their journey's end much sooner than would be expected. The inhabitants, from observing marked individuals, consider that they travel a distance of about eight miles in two or three days. One large tortoise, which I watched, walked at the rate of

sixty yards in ten minutes, that is, three hundred and sixty yards in the hour, or four miles a day,—allowing a little time for it to eat on the road. . . .

The inhabitants believe that these animals are absolutely deaf; certainly they do not overhear a person walking close behind them. I was always amused when overtaking one of these great monsters, as it was quietly pacing along, to see how suddenly, the instant I passed, it would draw in its head and legs, and uttering a deep hiss fall to the ground with a heavy sound, as if struck dead. I frequently got on their backs, and then giving a few raps on the hinder of their shells, they would rise up and walk away; but I found it very difficult to keep my balance.

Aids to Study

Study of Words and Phrases

1. Illustrate the use of the following words in different contexts:

damp, vices, pound, back.

Subject-Matter and Composition

2. (a) Explain:
 - (i) "Near the springs has lived."
 - (ii) "The inhabitants keep my balance."
- (b) Describe a few interesting habits of the tortoise.
- (c) Write an essay on 'The Tortoise.'

TYPES OF MODERN ENGLISH

Grammar

3. Parse the words printed below in *italics* :
Some afforded as *much as* two hundred *pounds* of meat.
They are *obliged to travel* from a long distance.
They differed *respecting* the frequency of these visits.

Spelling

4. Note carefully the spelling of the following words :
tortoise, succulent, region, wallow, spectacle.

17. TRIBUTE TO HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH

BY THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

[*Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour* was born on 25th July, 1848, and was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. He represented various places in Parliament and held different posts. By his merit and scholarship he became the leader of the House of Commons, and even the Prime Minister. Under him as Premier was passed the new English Education Act. He devoted himself to philosophy, religion and literature.]

Twice in ten years we have been assembled on the saddest and most moving occasion which can call the representatives of the Commons together. I do not think anything which any of us can remember can exceed in its pathos the sudden grief which has befallen the whole of the community within these islands and the whole of the Empire of which these islands are the centre, and which has found an echo in every civilized nation in the world. I do not think that the deep feelings which move us all are accounted for merely by our sense of the great public loss which this nation has sustained, nor of the tragic circumstances by which that great

loss has been accompanied. There are far deeper feelings moved in us all than any based merely upon the careful weighing of public gains and public losses, for all of us feel that we have lost one who loved us, and who desired to serve the people whom we represent; and we have lost one with regard to whom we separately and individually feel a personal affection, in addition to our respectful loyalty. I have often wondered at the depth of the personal feeling of affection and devotion which it is possible for a Sovereign, circumstanced as our Sovereigns are, to excite among those over whom they reign.

It is easy for those who, like the Prime Minister and myself and many others, have been brought into personal contact with the late King, to appreciate his kindness, his readiness to understand the difficulties of those who were endeavouring to serve him, the unfailing tact and all the admirable qualities which the Prime Minister has so eloquently described. But, Sir, when I ask myself who of the great community over which King Edward ruled could feel as those felt who were brought into immediate contact with him, then I say it is due, and can only be due, to some incommunicable and unanalysable power of genius which enabled the King, by the perfect simplicity of his personality, to make all men love him and understand him.

Sir, genius keeps its counsels, and I think no mere attempt of analysing character, no weighing of merits, no attempt to catalogue great gifts really touches the root of that great secret which made King Edward one of the most beloved monarchs that ever ruled over this great Empire. This power of communicating with all mankind, this power of bringing them into sympathy is surely the most kingly of all qualities, the one most valuable in a Sovereign. The duties of kingship are not becoming easier as time goes on, while, as I think, they are also becoming, under the conditions of modern Empire even more necessary to the health, and even to the existence, of the State. The King has few or none of the powers of explaining and communicating himself by ordinary channels to those over whom he rules. In these democratic days we all of us spend our lives in explaining. The King cannot; he has no opportunity such as we possess of laying his views before the judgment seat of public opinion. And, Sir, while those are difficulties which nobody who thinks over them will be inclined to undervalue, I think it is becoming more and more apparent to everybody who considers the circumstances of this great Empire, that our Sovereign, the Monarch of this country, is one of its most valued possessions. For what are we in these islands?

We are part of an Empire which in one Continent is the heir of great Oriental monarchies, in other Continents is one of a brotherhood of democracies; and of this strangely-compacted whole the Sovereign, the hereditary Sovereign, of Great Britain, is the embodiment, and the only embodiment of Imperial unity. He it is to whom all eyes from across the ocean look as the embodiment of their Imperial ideal, while we, the politicians of the hour, are but dim and shadowy figures to our fellow-subjects in other lands. While they but half-understand our controversies, and but imperfectly appreciate or realise our characteristics, the Monarch, the Constitutional Monarch of this great Empire, is the sign and symbol that we are all united together as one Empire to carry out great and common interest. The burden, therefore, which is thrown upon the Sovereign, could never have been foreseen by our forefathers before this Empire came into being, and I think that even we ourselves at this very moment, and at this late state of Imperial development, are only half beginning to understand its vital importance. Sir, if I am right in what I have said (and I think I am), these marvellous gifts which King Edward possessed, are, as I have said, the great kingly qualities which we most desire to see in our Monarch; and he used them to the utmost

and to the full, as the Prime Minister has told us, and they had their effect not merely among his subjects wherever they might dwell, but also among people belonging to other nations, our neighbours—happily our friends—in other countries.

Sir, there have been, I think, strange misunderstandings with regard to the relation of the great King who has just departed, with the administration of our foreign affairs. There are people who suppose he took upon himself duties commonly left to his servants, and that when the secrets of diplomacy are revealed to the historian it will be found that he took a part not known, but half-suspected, in the transactions of his reign. Sir, that is to belittle the King; it is not to pay him the tribute which in this connection he so greatly deserves. We must not think of him as a dexterous diplomatist—he was a great Monarch; and it was because he was able naturally, simply through the incommunicable gift of personality, to make all feel, to embody for all men, the friendly policy of this country, that he was able to do a work in the bringing together of nations which has fallen to the lot of few men, be they kings or be they subjects, to accomplish. He did what no Minister, no Cabinet, no Ambassadors, neither treaties, nor protocols, nor understandings, no debates, no banquets.

and no speeches were able to perform. He, by his personality, and by his personality alone, brought home to the minds of millions on the Continent, as nothing we could have done would have brought home to them, the friendly feeling of the country over which King Edward ruled. He has gone. He has gone in the plenitude of his powers, in the noontide of his popularity, in the ripeness of his experience. He has gone, but he will never be absent either from the memory or the affections of those who were his subjects. He has gone, but the Empire remains; and the burden which he so nobly bore now falls to another to sustain.

It is right that we at the beginning of the reign, conscious of what the labours, difficulties, and responsibilities of a Constitutional Monarch are, it is right that we should go forward, and, in words such as those which have been read from the Chair, assure King George of that loyal support and affection which we and the nation whom we represent unvaryingly gave to his father, and which will still most assuredly not be withheld from him. He brings to the great task which has thus been unexpectedly thrust upon him the greatest of all qualities—the qualities of deep-rooted patriotism and love for that Empire of which he is called upon to be the head, and the

earnest desire he has constantly shown to do his duty. These are virtues which neither the country nor the House will be slow to appreciate. We may look forward in his person to finding again that great exemplar of constitutional monarchy of which his two great predecessors have given such illustrious examples.

The Prime Minister has referred to another Resolution which you, Sir, have not yet put, and which touches on a matter almost too sacred for public speech, but our hearts are so full of deep sympathy for the bereaved lady, the Queen-Mother, that we cannot withhold some public form of expression of it on an occasion like the present. The Queen-mother has been adored by the people of this country ever since she came amongst us. She was adored by them in the heyday of youth and prosperity, and she may be well assured that in these days of adversity the affection and respect of the people of this country will gain rather than diminish in strength. We are surely right in laying before her a tribute of our deep sympathy. We know, or we can guess, how much she has felt. We know how irremediable is her grief, and in that grief she will ever have the warmest sympathy and affection both of this House and of those whom this House represents.

Aids to Study

Study of Words and Phrases

1. Prefer(v) [Pre (before) *fer* (to bear or bring): pre-fer (v), pre-fer-ence (n), pre-fer-able (a), re-fer, re-fer-ence, con-fer, con-fer-ence, dif-fer, dif-fer-ence.]

2. (a) Use the following expressions in sentences of your own:

(i) find an echo; with regard to.

(ii) Distinguish between:

excite, incite.

Subject-Matter and Composition

3. (a) Explain:

(i) "I do not think respectful loyalty."

(ii) "But, Sir, when understand him."

(iii) "Sir, genius sovereign."

(iv) "For what are we vital importance."

(v) "He has gone to sustain."

(b) Briefly describe the qualities of Edward VII.

(c) Which quality of George V was highly spoken of at his accession?

(d) "The duties of kingship are not becoming easier as time goes on."—Discuss this statement.

(e) Suppose you were the Prime Minister of a King. Draft the funeral oration you would have delivered on the occasion of his death.

Grammar

4. (a) Give (i) Nouns from: exceed, reveal, dexterous.

(ii) Adjectives from: pathos, controversy, diplomacy.

(b) Parse the words printed below in italics :

He has *no* opportunity *such as* we possess of *laying* his views before the judgment seat of public.

(c) Analyse :

(i) "There are respectful loyalty."

(ii) "The duties of kingship of the state."

(iii) "Sir, if I am right other countries."

(d) Change into Indirect Speech :

"But, Sir, understand him."

Spelling

5. Note carefully the spelling of the following words :
separately ; catalogue ; sovereign ; apparent ; development ;
unvaryingly ; exemplary ; predecessors ; irremediable.

NOTES

1. ADVENTURES AS A GUINEA TRADER

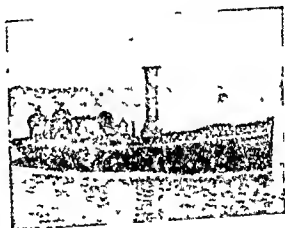
Guinea: N. W. of Africa.

Canary Islands: N. W. of Africa.

Rover: A pirate or sea-robber.

Sallee: A port of Morocco. It was a great nest of pirates.

Pinnance: A small boat, belonging to a ship.



Maresco: A sailor boy; derived from a word meaning "Sea."

Moor: One of a Mohammedan race inhabiting N. W. Africa.



Long-boat: The largest boat belonging to a ship.



Canoe: A boat propelled with paddles.

River Gambia or Senegal: N. W. Africa.

Capede Verde: N. W. Africa.

Brazil: N E of South America.

League: A measure equal to three miles.

Offing: Distance out at sea toward the horizon. the part of the sea that is visible but remote from the shore.



Doubling: Going round.

Ensign: A banner or flag.

Inventory: A detailed list of goods, furniture, etc.

Piece of eight: An old Spanish coin worth about 4 shillings.

All Saints' Day: A general celebration of saints on November 1.

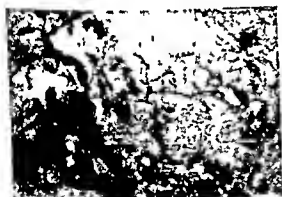
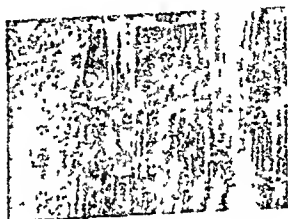
2. THE STORY OF A MOTHER

Horse-cloth: Used to cover a horse; or as part of trappings.

Mug: A drinking vessel with or without handle.

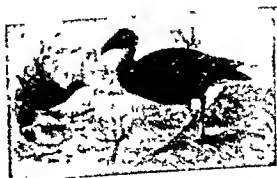
Cross-road: Intersection of two or more roads.

Icicles: A hanging point of ice formed by the freezing of dripping water.



Bramble: A rough prickly shrub.

Hyacinth: A bulbous plant bearing crowded heads of beautiful bell-shaped flowers. It is called *Sambul* in Hindustani.



TYPES OF MODERN ENGLISH

Peony: A plant with
(1) pink and
white flowers.



(2)

(1)

Thyme (Tim): A peren-
(2) nial sweet-
scented plant

Parsley: The garden
herb, the
leaves of
which are
used for
flavour-
ing and also
for garnish-
ing dishes.



Crocus: A small genus
of plants of
Iris family
with brilliant
flowers

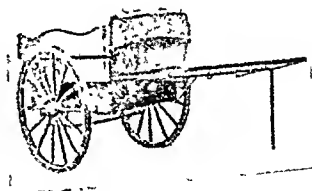
3. THE RIDE THAT FAILED

Mr. Pickwick: He was a simple-minded benevolent old gentleman. He founded the Pickwick Club, a harmless and useless society, for the reading of scientific papers. He and his friends mentioned in this lesson undertook to travel in search of knowledge and to forward the results of their investigations to the club. The lesson contains an account of one of these.

Manor Farm: The residence of Mr. Wardle, the gentleman who had invited Mr. Pickwick and his friends to visit him.

Cross-roads: A road junction, or place where roads cross.

Post-chaise: A two-wheeled carriage.



Wine-bin: A box for keeping wine bottles.

Ostler: A stable man at an inn.

Bless my soul!: It is an expression of surprise.

Ribbons: A slang for reins.

Post-boy: A driver of the post-chaise.

Man-of-war: Warship.

Turnpike: A gate set across a road to stop carriages at a place where toll is levied

Quickset: A shrub or tree that grows in a hedge, particularly hawthorn.

4. COLUMBUS AT BARCELONA

Granada: A province in Spain. It was recaptured last of all from the Moors who held sway over Spain for some time.

Courier: A messenger sent express with letters or despatches.

Memorandum: A note to help the memory.

Balcony: A shallow, unroofed gallery built out from a wall.



Hidalgo: A nobleman, belonging to a lower nobility in Spain.



Brocade: A rich woven fabric having a raised pattern, often of coloured silks and sometimes of gold or silver thread.

Saloon: A hall or large room especially in hotel or place of public resort, fit for assemblies, exhibitions, etc.

Anthem: A hymn.

Choir: A band of singers, especially in a Church.

Lascasa: Bartolome De, the 'Apostle of the Indians' was born at Seville in 1474. He sailed in the third voyage of Columbus.

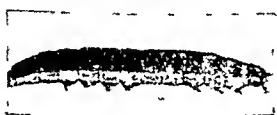
TeDeum laudamus: 'We praise thee, O God.' It begins a hymn, sung at morning service or on special occasions as thanksgiving.

5. A LESSON OF FAITH

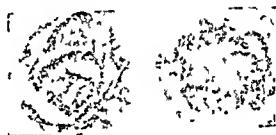
Butterfly: A beautiful winged insect. It is called *Titli* in Hindustani.



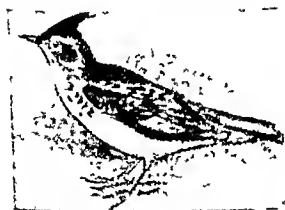
Caterpillar: A larva of butterfly or moth. It is called *Jhanjha* in Hindustani.



Cabbage: A kind of cultivated vegetable with round head. It is called *Karam-kalla* in Hindustani.



Lark: A singing-bird, called *Lava* in Hindustani.

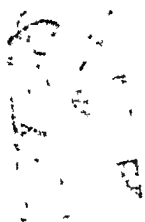


Chrysalis: The form adopted by most insects between the Caterpillar or larvae stage and the image of perfect stage.



6. THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER

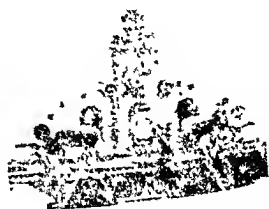
Well-aday: An interjection of grief.



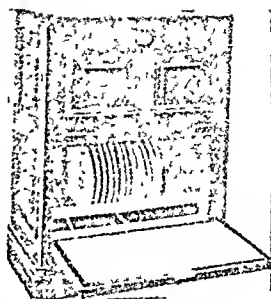
Distaff: The staff that holds the bunch of flax or wool used in spinning as held by this spinner. Figuratively, it means woman's work; household duties.

Meandered: Flowed in a winding course: (Meander is the name of a very winding river in Asia Minor.)

Muzzle: The snout of an animal as that of a dog shown above. It also means the mouth of a gun, rifle or other firearm.

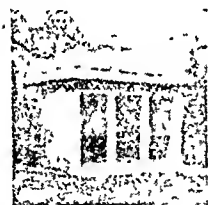


Cupboard: A case or enclosure, in a room with shelves to receive cups, plates, dishes and the like.



Nectar: A drink of the gods.

Ambrosia (zia): Food of the gods.



Arbour: A garden nook sheltered among the trees.

Cascade: A waterfall.

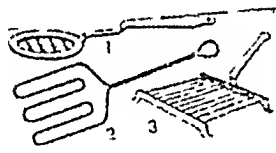


TYPES OF MODERN ENGLISH



Honey suckle: A group of climbing plants bearing fragrant flowers. white red or yellow in colour.

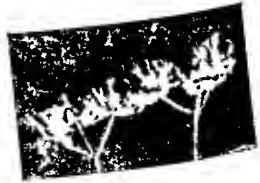
Trout: A fresh water food fish



Gridiron: A device with iron bars on which meat is grilled over fire.

Olympus: A Thessalian mountain on which dwelt the greater ancient Greek gods; divine abode; heaven.

Linden: A common British tree bearing sweet-scented yellowish white flowers. It is Lime tree.



7. CAIRO TO SUEZ

Dromedary: The one-humped camel of Arabia and North Africa.



Jog-trot: A slow regular trot.



Pelisse: A loose outer garment much worn from the 12th to the 15th century; also in modern times a loose outer garment for a child.

Bedouin: A wandering race of the deserts of Arabia.

Thalatta: An expression of joy.

Pharaoh: A name of ancient Egyptian kings.

Leeward: The side opposite to the direction of the wind.

8. RALEIGH'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH QUEEN ELIZABETH

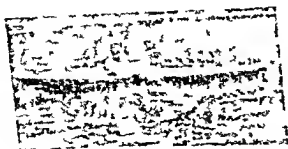
Drap-de-bure: A very coarse cloth of a darkish colour

Pensioners: Attendants on the Queen



Barge: A flat bottomed cargo-boat or light-er, generally used on canals and inland waterways

Wherry: A light sailing barge much used in England on the Norfolk Broads



Skiff: A small light one man sculling boat used on rivers

Awning: A covering of canvas or other material as a protection from the sun and weather

9. SIR ROGER DE COVERLY AT THE ASSIZES

Assizes: Periodical sessions in each county of England for the administration of civil and criminal justice.

Sir Roger: A typical knight.

Will Wimble: Sir Roger's companion.

Spaniel: A faithful and intelligent breed of dog.



Yeoman: A small land-owner.

Game Act: An Act regulating the killing and preserving of games.



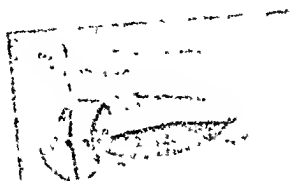
Pheasant: A kind of bird.

Partridge: A bird called *Titir* in Hindustani.

Jury: A body of men sworn to give their collective opinion on questions submitted to them in court of justice.

Tom Touchy: A quarrelsome fellow.

Quarter-sessions: A small court held quarterly by the justices of peace in counties.



Willow-tree: A kind of tree.

Sign-post: Literally, a post with arms at the top set up at cross roads to indicate the towns and the villages to which the road leads. Here it means a sign-board.

Saracen's Head: Saracen is a name of a Mohammedan. especially a member of the Arab races, who warred with Crusaders. The picture of Saracen's head is given. The sign-board, when altered, had this picture.



10. RIP'S HELPLESS CONDITION

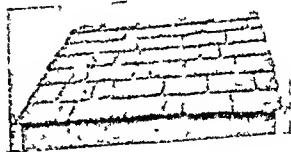
Hudson: A river on the mouth of which New York is situated. The river is called after its English discoverer, Henry Hudson

Kaatskill Mountains: A branch of the Appalachian Range, to its west

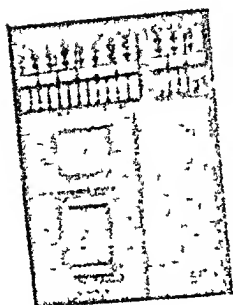
Appalachian family: Lie to the east of the United States of America.

Perfect barometers: Barometer is an instrument for measuring the pressure of the atmosphere. The state of weather could be read from the look of the 'mountains as from a barometer.

Shingle roofs: Roofs covered with shingles. Shingle is a thin piece of wood or other material used for roofing in place of tile. A roof of asbestos shingle is shown here.



Peter Stuyversant: A Dutch Governor.



Latticed-window: a close net-work of intersecting rods or laths, used particularly for windows in warm countries.

Gable: The triangular part of the top of a building from the cornice, or eaves, to the ridge of the roof.



Weather cock: A vane, a flag-shaped metal plate on top of a spire to indicate the direction of the wind.

Yet a province of Great Britain: Before the War of American Independence.

Fort Christina: Was seized by Peter Stuyversant when the Swedish settlers encroached on the land of the Dutch settlers.

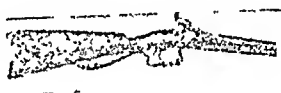
Curtain-lecture: Wife's reproof to her husband.

Termagant: Boisterous and quarrelsome

Amiable sex: Ladies.

Tartar's lance: A very long lance like that of the Tartar hordes of Central Asia.

Fowling-piece: A light gun for shooting birds or small animals.



Husking . . . fence: Old American country games.

Galligaskin: A kind of 16th century loose hose.

Well-oiled: Easy-going.

Gallows air: The down-cast appearance of a man ready to be hanged.

Rubicund: Red-faced.

Junto: A political committee, used here ironically.

Virago: A bad-tempered woman.

A dog's life of it: An unhappy life.

TYPES OF MODERN ENGLISH

11. STORY OF THE CAMEL-DRIVER

Fellah: An Egyptian peasant.

Sheik: Chief of Arab or Muhammadan tribe.
family or village.

Maribout: (Marabont—pronounced márabôôt)
—a Mohammedan hermit or monk, especial-
ly in North Africa. In North Africa, he is
very much respected and is believed to possess
supernatural power.

Cairo: North-east of Africa.

Mecca: A place of pilgrimage of the Mussal-
mans.

The law of our Prophet: The Koran, which con-
tains the laws of Islam, as given by the Pro-
phet. Muhammad.

Adjéroid: West of Arabia.

El Tyh: West of Arabia.

Herie: A thorough-bred camel.

Nakhel: West of Arabia.

Akaba: North-west of Arabia.

Simoom: A hot dry suffocating dust-laden wind blowing in straight narrow tracks and passing in a few minutes, chiefly in Arabian desert.

Mamlukes: Slaves in Muhammadan Countries

Janissaries: Turkish Soldiers

Acacias: A kind of shrub.



12. ON RICHES

Solomon: King of Israel (1015—977 B. C.).

Court circular: A daily report of the doings of the Court published in newspapers.

King or a President: King is the head of a monarchical form of government as in England, whereas the President is the head of the republican form of government as in the United States of America and France.

Athens: Capital of Greece.

Angels: Divine messengers.

Bacon: An English essayist of the Elizabethan Era.

Themistocles: An Athenian general and statesman (525—459 B.C.).

13. MIDSHIPMAN EASY AND THE FIRST LIEUTENANT

Midshipman: In the British navy, an officer who has joined a ship after qualifying himself for a commission.

Sloop: A small one-mast ship of war.



Harpy: The name of a ship.

By the God of War: It is a form of oath, meaning 'I swear by the god of War (Mars)'

Bantam: Literally, a young pugnacious domestic fowl; here a young impertinent man.

A file: Two men appointed for some special duty.

Marines: Naval soldiers.

Bear: A rough unmannerly person.

Mad as a March hare: March is the mating season of the hares; they are therefore in great excitement.

Thirty-six articles of war: Laws originally made for the government and discipline of the army and navy.

Stark, staring mad: Utterly.

14. SUBHA

Subhashini: Literally means, a female who speaks sweetly

Sukeshini: Literally means, a female with lovely hair

Suhashini: Literally means, a female who smiles sweetly



Cicadas: A homopterous insect that makes a shrill noise with its wings.

Without any common language: For Pratap could speak, but did not understand Subha's language of looks, with which to talk to Subha.

Losel: A person who is good-for-nothing.

Become public property: Every one can amuse himself by talking with them in idle moments.

'My!' in "My! I never... this!": It is used by common people in England. It is probably the short form of 'My eye.'

Silent troubled Mother: Refers to Nature

The god . . . the great man: Used ironically for the bridegroom, who wields mighty powers of choice or refusal.

Searcher of Hearts: God.

15. THE LIFE OF BUDDHA

Lalit-vistara: A religious book of Buddhists.

Hiouen-Thsang: A Chinese traveller who came during the reign of King Harsha. He has left an account of the India of his time.

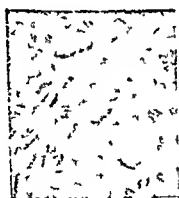
Nirvana: Is final emancipation from the bondage of earthly life.

16. THE TORTOISE

Archipelago: Refers to the Galapagos Archipelago.

Succulent: Juicy.

Cactus: A plant with a thickened spiny stem found in dry hot regions and often bearing beautiful flowers. It is called ' *Senhurbh* ' in Hindustani



Lichen: A large group of flowerless plants found in all parts of the world. They grow on trees and rocks, and so on.

Chatham Island: East of New Zealand

17. TRIBUTE TO HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH

King Edward VII: Ruled from 1901--1910.
He died in 1910

Democracy: It is a form of government managed by the people or their representative.

Constitutional Monarch: As opposed to Absolute Monarch, whose will used to be the law. All the monarchs of Medieval India and of England till 1688 were Absolute Monarchs. The powers of the constitutional Monarch are limited by the constitution of his country. This type of monarchy has been in vogue in England since 1689.